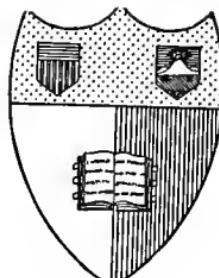




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THE BATTAILLE OF AGINCOURT

[*The portrait of Michael Drayton given here as a frontispiece is from a picture, taken at the age of sixty-five (three years before he died), in the Cartwright Collection at the Dulwich Gallery. The name of the painter is not known, but the picture is signed “An^o 1628.”*]



Michael Drayton

THE BATTAILLE OF AGINCOURT
BY MICHAEL DRAYTON:
WITH INTRODUCTION AND
NOTES BY RICHARD GARNETT



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INTRODUCTION.

ALL civilized nations possessing a history which they contemplate with pride endeavour to present that history in an epic form. In their initial stages of culture the vehicles of expression are ballads like the constituents of the Spanish Romanceros and chronicles like Joinville's and Froissart's. With literary refinement comes the distinct literary purpose, and the poet appears who is also more or less of an artist. The number of Spanish and Portuguese national epics, from the Lusiad downwards, during the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth centuries, is astonishing ; and it was impossible that English authorship, rapidly acquiring a perception of literary form under classical and foreign influences, should not be powerfully affected by the example of its neighbours.

A remarkable circumstance, nevertheless, while encouraging this epical impulse, deprived its most important creations of the external epical

form. The age of awakened national self-consciousness was also the age of drama. The greatest poetical genius of that or any age, and his associates, were playwrights first and poets afterwards. The torrent of inspiration rushed mainly to the stage. Hence the old experience was reversed, and whereas Æschylus described himself and his fellow-dramatists as subsisting on scraps filched from the great banquet of Homer, our English epic poets could but follow humbly in the wake of the dramatists, the alchemy of whose genius had already turned the dross of ancient chronicles to gold. In the mighty series of Shakespeare's historical plays, including in the enumeration Marlowe's "Edward the Second" and the anonymous "Edward the Third," England possesses a national epic inferior to that of no country in the world, although the form be dramatic. In one respect, indeed, this epic is superior to any but the Homeric poems, standing one remove less apart from the poetry of the people. The impression of primitive force which the Homeric poems convey by their venerable language is equally well imparted by Shakespeare's spontaneity and his apparent and probably real innocence of all purely literary intention.

Epic poets, however gifted, could be but

gleaners after such a harvest. Yet not every excellent poet, even of that dramatic age, was endowed with the dramatic faculty, and two of especial merit, singularly devoid of dramatic gift, but inferior to none in love of their country and self-consecration to its service, turned their attention to the epic. These were Samuel Daniel and Michael Drayton. The latter is our subject, but something should also be said of the former. Drayton not unfairly hit the blot in his successful rival when he said of him :

“ His rimes were smooth, his meeters well did close,
But yet his maner better fitted prose.”

This is one way of putting it ; from another point of view Daniel may be regarded as almost the most remarkable literary phenomenon of his time ; he is so exceedingly modern. He outran the taste of his own period by a hundred years, and without teacher or example displayed the excellences which came to be preferred to all others in the eighteenth century. “ These poems of his,” says his editor in that age (1718), “ having stood the test of above a century, and the language and the versification being still pure and elegant, it is to be hoped they will still shine among his countrymen and preserve his name.” At this time, and for long afterwards, Drayton,

save for an occasional reprint of his “*Nimphidia*” among miscellaneous collections, was utterly neglected. Even after the editions of 1748 and 1753 he is alluded to by Goldsmith as a type of the poet whose best title to fame is his tomb in Westminster Abbey.

The nineteenth century has reversed this with other critical verdicts of the eighteenth, and, with all due respect to Daniel, Drayton now stands higher. Yet, where the two poets come most directly and manifestly into competition, Drayton’s superiority is not so evident. As a whole, Daniel’s “*Civil War*” is a better poem than Drayton’s “*Barons’ Wars*.” The superiority of the latter lies in particular passages, such as the description of the guilty happiness of Isabella and Mortimer, quoted in Mr. Arthur Bullen’s admirable selection. This is to say that Drayton’s genius was naturally not so much epical as lyrical and descriptive. In his own proper business as a narrative poet he fails as compared with Daniel, but he enriches history with all the ornaments of poetry; and it was his especial good fortune to discover a subject in which the union of dry fact with copious poetic illustration was as legitimate to the theme as advantageous to the writer. This was, of course, his “*Polyolbion*,” where, doing for himself what no other poet ever did, he did for

his country what was never done for any other. Greece and Rome, indeed, have left us versified topographies, but these advance no pretension to the poetical character except from the metrical point of view, though they may in a sense claim kinship with the Muses as the manifest offspring of Mnemosyne. If any modern language possesses a similar work, it has failed to inscribe itself on the roll of the world's literature. The difficulties of Drayton's unique undertaking were in a measure favourable to him. They compelled him to exert his fancy to the uttermost. The tremendous difficulty of making topography into poetry gave him unwonted energy. He never goes to sleep, as too often in the "Barons' Wars." The stiff practical obstacles attendant upon the poetical treatment of towns and rivers provoke even the dragging Alexandrine into animation ; his stream is often all foam and eddy. The long sweeping line, of its wont so lumbering and tedious, is perfectly in place here. It rushes along like an impetuous torrent, bearing with it, indeed, no inconsiderable quantity of wood, hay, and stubble, but also precious pearls, and more than the dust of gold. Its "swelling and limitless billows" mate well with the amplitude of the subject, so varied and spacious that, as has been well said, the "Polyolbion" is not a poem to be read

through, but to be read in. Nothing in our literature, perhaps, except the "Faery Queen," more perfectly satisfies Keats's desideratum: "Do not the lovers of poetry like to have a little region to wander in, where they may pick and choose, and in which the images are so numerous that many are forgotten and found new in a second reading: which may be food for a week's stroll in the summer? Do they not like this better than what they can read through before Mrs. Williams comes down stairs? a morning work at most?"

The "Polyolbion" was completed by 1619, though the concluding part was not published until 1623. "The Battaile of Agincourt," the poem now reprinted, appeared with others in 1627. As none of the pieces comprised in it had appeared in the collected edition of Drayton's works (the "Polyolbion" excepted) which he had published in 1620, it is reasonable to conclude that they had been composed between that date and 1627. They prove that his powers were by no means abated. "Nimphidia," in particular, though lacking the exquisite sweetness of some of his lyric pastorals, and the deep emotion of passages in his "Heroicall Epistles," excels all his other productions in airy fancy, and is perhaps the best known of any of his

poems. Nor does the “Battaile” itself indicate any decay in poetical power, though we must agree with Mr. Bullen that it is in some parts fatiguing. This wearisomeness proceeds chiefly from Drayton’s over-faithful adherence, not so much to the actual story, as to the method of the chronicler from whom his materials are principally drawn. It does not seem to have occurred to him to regard his theme in the light of potter’s clay. Following his authority with servile deference, he makes at the beginning a slip which lowers the dignity of his hero, and consequently of his epic. He represents Henry the Fifth’s expedition against France as originally prompted, not by the restless enterprise and fiery valour of the young king, much less by supernatural inspiration as the working out of a divine purpose, but by the craft of the clergy seeking to divert him from too nice inquiry into the source and application of their revenues. Henry, therefore, without, as modern investigators think, even sufficient historical authority, but in any case without poetical justification, appears at the very beginning of the poem that celebrates his exploits in the light of a dupe. Shakespeare avoids this awkwardness by boldly altering the date of Henry’s embassy to France. His play opens, indeed, with the plots of the ecclesiastics to

tempt the king into war, but it soon appears that the embassy claiming certain French dukedoms has been despatched before they had opened their lips, and that they are urging him to a course of action on which he is resolved already. Spenser or Dryden would have escaped from the difficulty in a manner more in accordance with epic precedent by representing Henry's action as the effect of a divine vision. Edward the Third or the Black Prince would have risen from the grave to urge him to renew and complete their interrupted and now almost undone work; or the ghosts of chiefs untimely slain would have reproached him with their abandoned conquests and neglected graves. Drayton has merely taken the story as he found it, without a thought of submitting its dross to the alchemy of the re-creative imagination of the poet. The same lack of selection is observable in his description of the battle itself. He minutely describes a series of episodes, in themselves often highly picturesque, but we are no better able to view the conflict as a whole than if we ourselves had fought in the ranks. As in painting, so in poetry, a true impression is not to be conveyed by microscopic accuracy in *minutiæ*, but by a vigorous grasp of the entire subject.

Notwithstanding these defects, which one might have thought would have been avoided even by a poet endowed with less of the bright and sprightly invention which Drayton manifests in so many of his pieces, “The Battaile of Agincourt” is a fine poem, and well deserving the honour of reprint. It is above all things patriotic, pervaded throughout by a manly and honourable preference for England and all things English, yet devoid of bitterness towards the enemy, whose valour is frankly acknowledged, and whose overweening pride, the cause of their disasters, is never made the object of ill-natured sarcasm. It may almost be said that if Drayton had been in some respects a worse man, he might on this occasion have been a better poet. He is so sedulously regardful of the truth of history, or what he takes to be such, that he neglects the poet’s prerogative of making history, and rises and falls with his model like a moored vessel pitching in a flowing tide. When his historical authority inspires, Drayton is inspired accordingly; when it is dignified, so is he; with it he soars and sings, with it he also sinks and creeps. Happily the subject is usually picturesque, and old Holinshed at his worst was no contemptible writer. Drayton’s heart too was in his work, as he had proved long before

by the noble ballad on King Harry reprinted in this volume. If he has not shown himself an artist in the selection and arrangement of his topics, he deserves the name from another point of view by the excellent metrical structure of his octaves, and the easy fluency of his narrative. One annoying defect, the frequent occurrence of flat single lines not far remote from bathos, must be attributed to the low standard of the most refined poetry in an age when “the judges and police of literature” had hardly begun either to make laws or to enforce them. It is a fault which he shared with most others, and of which he has himself given more offensive instances. It is still more conspicuous in the most generally acceptable of his poems, the “*Nimphidia*.” The pity is not so much the occasional occurrence of such lapses in “*The Battaile of Agincourt*,” as the want of those delightful touches in the other delightful poems which give more pleasure the more evidently they are embellishments rather springing out of the author’s fancy than naturally prompted by his subject. Such are the lines, as inappropriate in the mouth of the speaker as genuine from the heart of the writer, near the beginning of Queen Margaret’s epistle to the Duke of Suffolk (“*England’s Heroicall Epistles*”):

“The little bird yet to salute the morn
Upon the naked branches sets her foot,
The leaves then lying on the mossy root,
And there a silly chirruping doth keep,
As if she fain would sing, yet fain would weep;
Praising fair summer that too soon is gone,
Or sad for winter too soon coming on.”

On a more exact comparison of Drayton with Holinshed we find him omitting some circumstances which he might have been expected to have retained, and adding others with good judgment and in general with good effect, but which by some fatality usually tend in his hands to excessive prolixity. This is certainly not the case with his dignified and spirited exordium, but in the fourth stanza he begins to copy history, and his muse’s wing immediately flags. No more striking example of the superiority of dramatic to narrative poetry in vividness of delineation could be found than the contrast between Shakespeare’s scene representing the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely in actual conversation, and Drayton’s tame exposition of the outcome of their deliberations. In his report of the session of Parliament where the French war is discussed he closely follows Holinshed, so closely as to omit Shakespeare’s masterly embellishment of Henry’s solemn appeal to the Archbishop to pronounce on the justice of

his cause as in the sight of God. Drayton must assuredly have perceived how greatly such an appeal tended to exalt his hero's character, and what an opening it afforded for impressive rhetoric. Nor could the incident have escaped his notice, for there is abundant internal evidence of his acquaintance with Shakespeare's drama in the closet as well as on the stage. It can only be concluded that he did not choose to be indebted to Shakespeare, or despaired of rivalling him. His notice of his great contemporary in the "Epistle to Reynolds" is surprisingly cold ; but the legend, however unauthentic, of Shakespeare's death from a fever contracted at a merry-making in Drayton's company, seems incompatible with any serious estrangement, and Shakespeare's son-in-law was Drayton's physician when the latter revisited his native Warwickshire. The same jealousy of obligation must have influenced his treatment of the incident of the Dauphin's derisive present of tennis balls, which both Shakespeare and he have adopted from Holinshed or his authorities, but of which the former has made everything and the latter nothing. Nor can the omission of the highly dramatic incident of the conspiracy of Scroop and Cambridge, found in Holinshed, be otherwise well accounted for. In compensa-

tion, Drayton introduces two episodes entirely his own, the catalogue of Henry's ships, and that of the armorial ensigns of the British counties. Ben Jonson may be suspected of a sneer when he congratulates Drayton on thus outdoing Homer, as he had previously outdone, or at least rivalled, Virgil, Theocritus, Ovid, Orpheus, and Lucan. Ben might have said with perfect sincerity that Drayton's descriptions are fine pieces of work, showing great command of language, and only open to criticism from some want of proportion between them and the poem of which they are but subordinate episodes. This censure would have been by no means just if the whole piece had been executed on the scale of the description of the siege of Harfleur. It is difficult to imagine what could have tempted Drayton to spend so much time upon an episode treated by Holinshed with comparative brevity. Some of the stanzas are exceedingly spirited, but as a whole the description certainly fatigues. If the same is to some extent the case with the description of the Battle of Agincourt itself, the cause is not so much prolixity as the multitude of separate episodes, not always derived from the chroniclers, and the consequent want of unity which has been already adverted to. The result is probably more true

to the actual impression of a battle than if Drayton had surveyed the field with the eye of a tactician, but here as elsewhere the poet should rather aim at an exalted and in some measure idealized representation of the object or circumstance described than at a faithful reproduction of minor details. Even the Battle of the Frogs and Mice in Homer is an orderly whole ; while Drayton's battle seems always ending and always beginning anew, a Sisyphean epic. What, however, really kindles and vivifies the unequal composition into one glowing mass is the noble spirit of enthusiastic patriotism which pervades the poet's mind, and, like sunlight in a mountainous tract, illuminates his heights, veils his depressions, and steeps the whole in glory.

Of the literary history of "The Battaile of Agincourt" there is little to be said. It was first published in 1627, along with "Nimphidia," "The Shepheard's Sirena," and others of Drayton's best pieces. It was accompanied by three copies of congratulatory verse, reprinted here, the most remarkable of which is that proceeding from the pen of Ben Jonson, who admits that some had accounted him no friend to Drayton, and whose encomiums are to our apprehension largely flavoured with irony. Drayton, in his "Epistle to Reynolds," which Jonson must have seen, had

compared him to Seneca and Plautus,¹ and Jonson seems to burlesque the compliment by comparing Drayton himself to every poet whom he had ever imitated, until his single person seems an epitome of all Parnassus. The poem and its companions had another edition in 1631, since which time it has been included in every edition of Drayton's works, but has never till now been published by itself. Even here it is graced with a satellite, the splendid Ballad of Agincourt ("To my Frinds the Camber-Britans and theyr Harp"), originally published in "Poemes lyric and pastoral," probably about 1605. This stirring strain, always admired, has attracted additional notice in the present day as the metrical prototype of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," which, in our estimation, fails to rival its model. The lapses of both poets may well be excused on the ground of the difficulty of the metre, but Drayton has the additional apology of the "brave neglect" which so correct a writer as Pope accounted a virtue in Homer, but which Tennyson never had the nerve to permit himself.

¹ Pope's celebrated verse,—

"Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,"—
is "conveyed" from this passage of Drayton.

Comparisons between modern and ancient poets must necessarily be very imperfect ; yet our Drayton might not inaptly be termed the ✓ English Theocritus. If not so distinctly superior to every other English pastoral poet as Theocritus was to every other Greek, he yet stands in the front rank. He is utterly free from affectation, the great vice of pastoral poetry ; his love of the country is sincere ; his perception of natural phenomena exquisite ; his shepherds and shepherdesses real swains and lasses ; he has happily varied the conventional form of the pastoral by a felicitous lyrical treatment. Paradoxical as it may appear, Drayton was partly enabled to approach Theocritus so nearly by knowing him so imperfectly. Had he been acquainted with him otherwise than through Virgil, he would probably have been unable to refrain from direct imitation ; but as matters stand, instead of a poet striving to write as Theocritus wrote in Greek, we have one actually writing as Theocritus would have written in English. But the most remarkable point of contact between Drayton and Theocritus is that both are epic as well as pastoral poets. Two of the Idylls of Theocritus are believed to be fragments of an epic on the exploits of Hercules ; and in the enumeration of his lost works, amid others of the same descrip-

tion, mention is made of the "Heroines," a curious counterpart of Drayton's "Heroicall Epistles." Had these works survived, we might not improbably have found Drayton surpassing his prototype in epic as much as he falls below him in pastoral; for the more exquisite art of the Sicilian could hardly have made amends for the lack of that national pride and enthusiastic patriotism which had died out of his age, but which ennobled the strength and upbore the weakness of the author of "The Battaile of Agincourt."

RICHARD GARNETT.





*Lux Hareshulla tibi (Warwici villa, tenebris.
fnto tuas Quas, obsita) Prima fuit.
Arma, Viros, Veneres. Patriam modulamine dixti:
Te Patriae resonant Arma, Viros, Veneres.*

THE
BATTAILLE
OF
AGINCOURT.

FOVGHT BY HENRY THE
fift of that name, King of *England*, a-
gainst the whole power of the *French* :
vnder the Raigne of their CHARLES
the fixt, *Anno Dom. 1415.*

The Miseries of Queene MARGARITE,
the infortunate VVife, of that most in-
fortunate King HENRY the fixt.

NIMPHIDIA, the Court of *Fayrie*.

The Quest of CINTHIA.

The Shepheards SIRENA.

The *Moone-Calfe*.

Elegies vpon sundry occasions.

By MICHAELL DRAYTON
Esquire.

LONDON,

Printed for WILLIAM LEE, at the Turkes Head
in Fleete-Streete, next to the Miter and Phænix.

1627.

[The preceding page is a reduced reproduction of the title-page of the first edition, which contains, as will be seen, several poems besides "The Battaile of Agincourt" which are not included in the present reprint.]

To you those Noblest of Gentlemen, of these Renowned Kingdomes of Great Britaine: who in these declining times, haue yet in your braue bosomes the sparkes of that sprightly fire, of your couragious Ancestors; and to this houre retaine the seedes of their magnanimitie and Greatnesse, who out of the vertue of your mindes, loue and cherish neglected Poesie, the delight of Blessed soules, and the language of Angels. To you are these my Poems dedicated,

By your truly affectioned Seruant,

MICHAELL DRAYTON.

VPON
THE BATTAIL
OF AGINCOVRT, WRIT-
TEN BY HIS DEARE FRIEND
MICHAEL DRAYTON
ESQVIRE.

HAD Henryes name beene onely met in Prose,
Recorded by the humble wit of those,
Who write of lesse then Kings : who victory,
As calmely mention, as a Pedigree,
The French, alike with vs, might view his name
His actions too, and not confesse a shame :
Nay, grow at length, so boldly troublesome,
As, to dispute if they were ouercome.
But thou hast wakte their feares : thy fiercer hand
Hath made their shame as lasting, as their land.
By thee againe they are compeld to knowe
How much of Fate is in an English foe.
They bleede afresh by thee, and thinke the harme
Such ; they could rather wish, t'were Henryes arme :
Who thankes thy painfull quill ; and holds it more
To be thy Subiect now, then King before.
By thee he conquers yet ; when eu'ry word
Yeelds him a fuller honour, then his sword.

Strengthens his action against time : by thee,
Hee victory, and France, doth hold in fee.
So well obseru'd he is, that eu'ry thing
Speakes him not onely English, but a King.
And France, in this, may boast her fortunate
That shee was worthy of so braue a hate.
Her suffring is her gayne. How well we see
The Battaile labour'd worthy him, and thee,
Where, wee may Death discouer with delight,
And entertaine a pleasure from a fight.
Where wee may see how well it doth become
The brau'ry of a Prince to ouercome.
What Power is a Poet : that can add
A life to Kings, more glorious, then they had.
For what of Henry, is vnsung by thee,
Henry doth want of his Eternity.

I. VAVGHAN.

TO
MY WORTHY FRIEND
MR. MICHAELL DRAYTON VPON
THESE HIS POEMS.

SONNET.

WHAT lofty Trophyes of eternall Fame,
England may vaunt thou do'st erect to her,
Yet forced to confesse, (yea blush for shame,)
That she no Honour doth on thee confer.
How it would become her, would she learne to knowe
Once to requite thy Heauen-borne Art and Zeale,
Or at the least her selfe but thankfull showe
Her ancient Glories that do'st still reueale :
Sing thou of Loue, thy straines (like powerfull Charmes)
Enrage the bosome with an amorous fire,
And when againe thou lik'st to sing of Armes
The Coward thou with Courage do'st inspire :
But when thou com'st to touch our Sinfull Times,
Then Heauen far more then Earth speakes in thy Rimes.

JOHN REYNOLDS.

THE VISION OF
BEN. IONSON, ON THE
MVSES OF HIS FRIEND
M. DRAYTON.

IT hath beene question'd, Michael, if I bee
A Friend at all ; or, if at all, to thee :
Because, who make the question, haue not scene
Those ambling visits, passe in verse, betweene
Thy Muse, and mine, as they expect. 'Tis true :
You haue not writ to me, nor I to you ;
And, though I now begin, 'tis not to rub
Hanch against Hanch, or raise a riming Club
About the towne : this reck'ning I will pay,
Without conferring symboles. This 's my day.

It was no Dreame ! I was awake, and saw !
Lend me thy voyce, O Fame, that I may draw
Wonder to truth ! and haue my Vision hoorld,
Hot from thy trumpet, round, about the world.

I saw a Beauty from the Sea to rise,
That all Earth look'd on ; and that earth, all Eyes !
It cast a beame as when the clear-full Sun
Is fayre got vp, and day some houres begun !
And fill'd an Orbe as circular, as heauen !
The Orbe was cut forth into Regions seauen.

And those so sweet, and well proportion'd parts,
As it had beene the circle of the Arts !
When, by thy bright Ideas standing by,
I found it pure, and perfect Poesy,
There read I, streight, thy learned Legends three,
Heard the soft ayres, between our Swaynes & thee,
Which made me thinke, the old Theocritus, ✓
Or Rurall Virgil come, to pipe to vs !
But then, thy'epistolar Heroick Songs,
Their loues, their quarrels, iealousies, and wrongs
Did all so strike me, as I cry'd, who can
With vs be call'd, the Naso, but this man ?
And looking vp, I saw Mineruas fowle,
Pearch'd ouer head, the wise Athenian Owle :
I thought thee then our Orpheus, that wouldest try
Like him, to make the ayre, one volary :
And I had stil'd thee, Orpheus, but before
My lippes could forme the voyce, I heard that Rore,
And Rouze, the Marching of a mighty force,
Drums against Drums, the neighing of the Horse,
The Fights, the Cryes, and wondring at the Iarres
I saw, and read, it was thy Barons Warres !
✓ O, how in those, dost thou instruct these times,
That Rebells actions, are but valiant crimes !
And caried, though with shoute, and noyse, confesse
A wild, and an authoriz'd wickednesse !
Sayst thou so, Lucan ? But thou scornst to stay
Vnder one title. Thou hast made thy way
And flight about the Ile, well neare, by this,
In thy admired Periégesis,
Or vniuersall circumduction
Of all that reade thy Poly-Olbyon.
That reade it ? that are rauish'd ! such was I
With euery song, I sweare, and so would dye :

ON THE MVSES OF HIS FRIEND, M. DRAYTON. 11

But that I heare, againe, thy Drum to beate
A better cause, and strike the brauest heate
That euer yet did fire the English blood !
Our right in France ! if ritely vnderstood.
There, thou art Homer ! Pray thee vse the stile
Thou hast deseru'd : And let me reade the while
Thy Catalogue of Ships, exceeding his,
Thy list of aydes, and force, for so it is :
The Poets act ! and for his Country's sake
Braue are the Musters, that the Muse will make.
And when he ships them where to vse their Armes,
How do his trumpets breath ! What loud alarmes !
Looke, how we read the Spartans were inflam'd
With bold Tyrtæus verse, when thou art nam'd,
So shall our English Youth vrge on, and cry
An Agincourt, an Agincourt, or dye.
This booke ! it is a Catechisme to fight,
And will be bought of euery Lord, and Knight, ✓
That can but reade ; who cannot, may in prose
Get broken peeces, and fight well by those.
The miseries of Margaret the Queene
Of tender eyes will more be wept, then seene :
I feele it by mine owne, that ouer flow,
And stop my sight, in euery line I goe.
But then refreshed, with thy Fayerie Court,
I looke on Cynthia, and Sirenas sport,
As, on two flowry Carpets, that did rise,
And with their grassie greene restor'd mine eyes.
Yet giue mee leaue, to wonder at the birth
Of thy strange Moon-Calfe, both thy straine of mirth,
And Gossip-got acquaintance, as, to vs
Thou hadst brought Lapland, or old Cobalus,
Empusa, Lamia, or some Monster, more
Then Affricke knew, or the full Grecian shore !

I gratulate it to thee, and thy Ends,
To all thy vertuous, and well chosen Friends,
Onely my losse is, that I am not there :
And, till I worthy am to wish I were,
I call the world, that enuies mee, to see
If I can be a Friend, and Friend to thee.

THE
BATTAILLE
OF
AGINCOURT.

CEAS'D was the Thunder, of those Drummes which
Th'affrighted French their miseries to view, [wak'd
At Edwards name, which to that houre still quak'd,
Their Salique Tables to the ground that threw,
Yet were the English courages not slak'd,
But the same Bowes, and the same Blades they drew,
With the same Armes, those weapons to aduance,
Which lately lopt the Flower de liz of France.

✓ Henry the fift, that man made out of fire,
Th'Imperiall Wreath plac'd on his Princely browe ;
His Lyons courage stands not to enquire
Which way olde Henry came by it ; or howe
At Pomfret Castell Richard should expire :
What's that to him ? He hath the Garland now ;
Let Bullingbrook beware how he it wan,
For Munmouth meanes to keepe it, if he can.

That glorious day, which his great Father got,
Vpon the Percyes ; calling to their ayde
The valiant Dowglass, that Herculian Scot,
When for his Crowne at Shrewsbury they playde,
Had quite dishartned eu'ry other plot,
And all those Tempests quietly had layde,
That not a cloud did to this Prince appeare,
No former King had seene a skye so cleere.

The law Salique was, that women should not inherite ; which law, Edward the third, by his right to the Crowne by his mother, cancelled with his sword : for so much as at that time made way to his clayme, though in France that law bee inuiolable.

Henry the 4. so named of a Town in Lincolne Shiere, where he was borne.

Henry the fift borne at Munmouth in Wales. Dowglas in that battaile slew three in the Kings coat Armour.

Yet the rich Clergy felt a fearefull Rent,
 In the full Bosome of their Church (whilst she
 A Monarchesse, immeasurably spent,
 Lesse then she was, and thought she might not be :)
 By Wickclif and his followers ; to preuent
 The growth of whose opinions, and to free
 That foule Aspersion, which on her they layde,
 She her strongst witts must stirre vp to her ayde.

*Wickliffe a
learned Di-
vine, and the
greatest Pro-
testant of those
times.*

When presently a Parliament is calld
 To sett things steddy, that stood not so right,
 But that thereby the poore might be inthral'd,
 Should they be vrged by those that were of might,
 That in his Empire, equitie enstauld,
 It should continue in that perfect plight ;
 Wherefore to Lester, he th'Assembly drawes,
 There to Inact those necessary Lawes.

*A Parliament
at Leicester.*

In which one Bill (mongst many) there was red,
 Against the generall, and superfluous waste
 Of temporall Lands, (the Laity that had fed)
 Vpon the Houses of Religion caste,
 Which for defence might stand the Realme in sted,
 Where it most needed were it rightly plac't ;
 Which made those Church-men generally to feare,
 For all this calme, some tempest might be neare.

And being right skilfull, quickly they forsaue,
 No shallow braines this bus'nesse went about :
 ✓ Therefore with cunning they must cure this flawe ;
 For of the King they greatly stood in doubt,
 Lest him to them, their opposites should drawe,
 Some thing must be thrust in, to thrust that out :
 And to this end they wisely must prouide
 One, this great Engine, Clearlyk that could guide.

Chichley, that sate on Canterburies See,
 A man well spoken, grauely stout, and wise,
 The most select, (then thought of that could be,)
 To act what all the Prelacie diuise ;
 (For well they knew, that in this bus'nesse, he
 Would to the vtmost straine his faculties ;)

Him lift they vp, with their maine strength, to proue
 By some cleane slight this Lybell to remoue.

His braine in labour, gladly foorth would bring
 Somewhat, that at this needfull time might fit,
 The sprightly humor of this youthfull King,
 If his inuention could but light of it ;
 His working soule projecteth many a thing,
 Vntill at length out of the strength of wit,

He found a warre with France, must be the way
 To dash this Bill, else threatening their decay.

Whilst vacant mindes sate in their breasts at ease,
 And the remembrance of their Conquests past,
 Vpon their fansies doth so strongly sease,
 As in their teeth, their Cowardise it cast
 Rehearsing to them those victorious daies,
 The deeds of which, beyond their names should last,
 That after ages, reading what was theirs,
 Shall hardly thinke, those men had any Heires.

And to this point, premitigating well,
 A speech, (which chanc'd, the very pinne to cleave)
 Aym'd, whatsoeuer the successe befell
 That it no roomth should for a second leauue,
 More of this Title then in hand to tell,
 If so his skill him did not much deceave,
 And against the King in publike should appeare ;
 Thus frames his speech to the Assembly there.

Henry Chichley succeeding Arundell (late deceased) in that Sec.

So they termed it as not worthy of a better tytle.

The Arch-bishop of Canterburyes Oration, to the King & Parliament at Lecester, in the Eleuen following Stanzas.

Pardon my boldnesse, my Liedge Soueraine Lord,
 Nor your Dread presence let my speech offend,
 Your milde attention, fauourably affoord,
 Which, such cleere vigour to my spirit shall lend,
 That it shall set an edge vpon your Sword,
 To my demand, and make you to attend,
 Asking you, why, men train'd to Armes you keepe,
 Your right in France yet suffering still to sleepe. ✓

Can such a Prince be in an Iland pent,
 And poorely thus shutt vp within a Sea.
 When as your right includes that large extent,
 To th'either Alpes your Empire forth to lay,
 Can he be English borne, and is not bent
 To follow you, appoint you but the way,
 Weele wade if we want ships, the waues or climme,
 In one hand hold our swords, with th'other swim.

What time controules, your braue great Grandsires
 claim,
 To th'Realme of France, from Philip nam'd the faire,
 Which to King Edward by his mother came,
 Queene Isabel; that Philips onely heire,
 Which this short intermission doth not maime,
 But if it did, as he, so yours repaire;
 That where his Right in bloud preuailed not,
 In spight of hell, yet by his Sword he got.

The Crowne of France descended vpon Edward the third, from Isabell his Mother, Daughter and suruiving heire, to King Phillippe of France named the fayre.

What set that Conqueror, by their Salique Lawes,
 Those poore decrees their Parliaments could make,
 He entred on the iustnesse of his Cause,
 To make good, what he dar'd to vndertake,
 And once in Action, he stood not to pause,
 But in vpon them like a Tempest brake,
 And downe their buildings with such fury bare,
 That they from mists dissoluued were to ayre.

As those braue Edwards, Father, and the Sonne,
 At Conquer'd Cressy, with succesfull lucke,
 Where first all France (as at one game) they wonne,
 Neuer two Warriours, such a Battaile strucke,
 That when the bloudy dismall fight was done,
 Here in one heape, there in another Rucke

Princes and Peasants lay together mixt,
 The English Swords, no difference knew betwixt.

There Lewes King of Beame was ouerthrowne
 With valient Charles, of France the younger Brother,
 A Daulphine, and two Dukes, in pieces hewen ;
 To them six Earles lay slaine by one another ;
 There the grand Prior of France, fetcht his last groane,
 Two Archbishops the boystrous Croud doth smother,

There fifteene thousand of their Gentrie dy'de
 With each two Souldiers, slaughtered by his side.

Nor the Blacke Prince, at Poyteers battaile fought ;
 Short of his Father, and himselfe before,
 Her King and Prince, that prisoners hither brought
 From forty thousand weltring in their gore,
 That in the Worlds opinion it was thought,
 France from that instant could subsist no more,
 The Marshall, and the Constable, there slaine
 Vnder the Standard, in that Battaile ta'ne.

Nor is this clayme for women to succeede,
 (Gainst which they would your right to France debarre)
 A thing so new, that it so much should neede
 Such opposition, as though fetcht from farre,
 By Pepin this is prou'd, as by a deede,
 Deposing Cheldrick, by a fatall warre,
 By Blythild dar'd his title to aduance,
 Daughter to Clothar, first so nam'd of France.

James, Daulphine of Vien-noies.

The Dukes of Lorraine, and Burbon.

The Earles of Aumerle, Saugoye, Mount-billiard,

Flaunders, Neuers & Harecourt.

King John of France and Philip his Son taken by the Black Prince at the Battaile of Poyteers, brought Prisoners to England.

John of Cleumont.

Peter of Burbon.

Examples of such as haue aduanced theselves to the Crowne of France, against the strict letter of the lawe Salique, in the two following Stanzas.

Hugh Capet, who from Charles of Lorayne tooke
 The Crowne of France, that he in peace might raigne,
 As heire to Lingard to her title stooke,
 Who was the daughter of King Charlemaine,
 So holy Lewes poring on his booke,
 Whom that Hugh Capet made his heire againe,
 From Ermgard his Grandame, claim'd the Crowne,
 Duke Charles his daughter, wrongfully put downe.

Nor thinke my Lege a fitter time then this,
 You could haue found your Title to aduance,
 At the full height when now the faction is,
 Twixt Burgoyne, and the house of Orleance,
 Your purpose you not possibly can misse,
 It for my Lord so luckily doth chance,
 That whilst these two in opposition stand,
 You may haue time, your Army there to land.

And if my fancy doe not ouerpresse,
 My visuall sence, me thinkes in euery eye
 I see such cheere, as of our good successe
 In France hereafter seemes to Prophecie ;
 Thinke not my Soueraigne, my Alegeance lesse
 Quoth he ; my Lords nor doe you misaply
 My words : thus long vpon this subiect spent,
 Who humbly here submit to your assent.

This speech of his, that powerfull Engine prou'd,
 Then e'r our Fathers got, which rais'd vs hier,
 The Clergies feare that quietly remou'd,
 And into France transferd our Hostile fier,
 It made the English through the world belou'd,
 That durst to those so mighty things aspire,
 And gaue so cleere a luster to our fame,
 That neighbouring Nations trembled at our name.

When through the house, this rumor scarsely ran,
 That warre with France propounded was againe,
 In all th'Assembly there was not a man,
 But put the project on with might and maine,
 So great applause it generally wan,
 That else no bus'nesse they would entertaine,
 As though their honour vtterly were lost,
 If this designe should any way be crost.

So much mens mindes, now vpon France were set
 That euery one doth with himselfe forecast,
 What might fall out this enterprize to let,
 As what againe might giue it wings of hast,
 And for they knew, the French did still abet
 The Scot against vs, (which we vsde to tast)

It question'd was if it were fit or no,
 To Conquer them, ere we to France should goe.

Which Ralph then Earle of Westmorland propos'd,
 Quoth he, with Scotland let vs first begin,
 By which we are vpon the North inclos'd,
 And lockt with vs, one Continent within,
 Then first let Scotland be by vs dispos'd,
 And with more ease, yee spatiouse France may winne,
 Else of our selues, ere we our Ships can cleere,
 To land in France ; they will inuade vs here.

*Ralph Neuill
then Warden
of the Marches
betwixt Eng-
land and
Scotland.*

*An old adage,
He that will
France winne:
must with
Scotland first
beginne.*

*The Duke of
Excester the
Kings own
uncle.*

Not so braue Neuill, Excester replies,
 For that of one two labours were to make,
 For Scotland wholly vpon France relies ;
 First, Conquer France, and Scotland yee may take,
 Tis the French pay, the Scot to them that tyes,
 That stopt, asunder quickly yee shall shake
 The French and Scots ; to France then first say I,
 First, first, to France, then all the Commons cry.

*The first
breach with
France.*

And instantly an Embassy is sent,
To Charles of France, to will him to restore
Those Territories, of whose large extent,
The English Kings were owners of before ;
Which if he did not, and incontinent,
The King would set those English on his Shore,
That in despight of him, and all his might,
Should leauue their liues there, or redeeme his right.

*The Countries
demanded by
the King of
England.*

First Normandy, in his demand he makes,
With Aquitane, a Dutchy no lesse great,
Aniou, and Mayne, with Gascoyne which he takes
Cleerely his owne, as any English seat ;
With these proud France, he first of all awakes,
For their deliuary, giuing power to treat ;
For well he knew, if Charles should these restore,
No King of France was euer left so poore.

*The King and
Daulphine of
France, de-
riding the
King of Eng-
land.*

The King, and Daulphin, to his proud demand,
That he might see they no such matter ment,
As a thing fitter for his youthfull hand ;
A Tunne of Paris Tennis balls him sent,
Better himselfe to make him vnderstand,
Deriding his ridiculous intent :
And that was all the awnser he could get,
Which more, the King doth to this Conquest whet.

*Henry the fift
answered for
the Tennis
Balls.*

That answering the Ambassadour, quoth he,
Thanks for my Balls, to Charles your Soueraigne giue,
And thus assure him, and his sonne from me,
I'le send him Balls and Rackets if I liue,
That they such Racket shall in Paris see,
When ouer lyne with Bandies I shall drieue,
As that before the Set be fully done,
France may (perhaps) into the Hazard runne.

*The language
of Tennis.*

So little doth luxurious France fore-see
 By her disdaine, what shee vpon her drew :
 In her most brauery seeming then to be,
 The punishment that shortly should ensue,
 Which so incenst the English King, that he
 For full reuenge into that fury grew :

That those three horrors, Famine, Sword, and Fire,
 Could not suffice to satisfie his ire.

In all mens mouthes now was no word but warre,
 As though no thing had any other name ;
 And folke would aske of them ariu'd from farre,
 What forces were preparing whence they came ?
 'Gainst any bus'nesse 'twas a lawfull barre
 To say for France they were ; and 'twas a shame
 For any man to take in hand to doe
 Ought, but some thing that did belong thereto.

Olde Armours are drest vp, and new are made ;
 Jacks are in working, and strong shirts of Male,
 He scowers an olde Fox, he a Bilbowe blade,
 Now Shields and Targets onely are for sale ;
 Who works for warre, now thriueth by his Trade,
 The browne Bill, and the Battell-Axe preuaile :
 The curious Fletcher fits his well-strung Bowe,
 And his barb'd Arrow which he sets to shewe.

*Blades ac-
counted of the
best temper.*

Tents and Pauillions in the fields are pitcht,
 (E'r full wrought vp their Roomthynesse to try)
 Windowes, and Towers, with Ensignes are inricht,
 With ruffling Banners, that doe braue the sky,
 Wherewith the wearied Labourer bewitcht
 To see them thus hang wauing in his eye :
 His toylsome burthen from his back doth throwe,
 And bids them worke that will, to France hee'll goe.

Rich Saddles for the Light-horse and the Bard
 For to be brau'st there's not a man but pleyes,
 Plumes, Bandroules, and Caparizons prepar'd ;
 Whether of two, and men at Armes diuise
 The Greäues, or Guyses were the surer guard,
 The Vambrasse, or the Pouldron, they should prize ;
 And where a stand of Pykes plac't close, or large,
 Which way to take aduantage in the Charge.

Armed at all points.
Armings for the thigh and legge.
Armings for the arme and shoulder.

One traynes his Horse, another trayles his Pyke,
 He with his Pole-Axe, practiseth the fight,
 The Bowe-man (which no Country hath the like)
 With his sheafe Arrow, proueth by his might,
 How many score off, he his Foe can strike,
 Yet not to draw aboue his bosomes hight :
 The Trumpets sound the Charge and the Retreat,
 The bellowing Drumme, the Martch againe doth beat.

Great Ord-nance then but newly in use.

Cannons vpon their Caridge mounted are,
 Whose Battery France must feele vpon her Walls,
 The Engineer prouiding the Petar,
 To breake the strong Percullice, and the Balls,
 Of Wild-fire deuis'd to throw from farre,
 To burne to ground their Pallaces and Halls :
 Some studying are, the scale which they had got,
 Thereby to take the Leuell of their Shot.

The man in yeares preacht to his youthfull sonne
 Prest to this Warre, as they sate by the fire,
 What deedes in France were by his Father done,
 To this attempt to worke him to aspire,
 And told him, there how he an Ensigne wonne,
 Which many a yeare was hung vp in the Quire :
 And in the Battell, where he made his way,
 How many French men he struck downe that day.

The good old man, with teares of ioy would tell,
 In Cressy field what prizes Edward play'd,
 As what at Poycteers the Black Prince befell,
 How like a Lyon, he about him layd :
 In deedes of Armes how Awdley did excell,
 For their olde sinnes, how they the French men payd :
 How brauely Basset did behaue him there :
 How Oxford charg'd the Van, Warwick the Reare.

And Boy, quoth he, I haue heard thy Grandsire say,
 That once he did an English Archer see,
 Who shooting at a French twelue score away,
 Quite through the body, stuck him to a Tree ;
 Vpon their strengths a King his Crowne might lay :
 Such were the men of that braue age, quoth he,
 When with his Axe he at his Foe let drieue,
 Murrian and scalpe downe to the teeth did riuue.

The scarlet Judge might now set vp his Mule,
 With neighing Steeds the Streetes so pestred are ;
 For where he wont in Westminster to rule,
 On his Tribunal sate the man of Warre,
 The Lawyer to his Chamber doth recule,
 For he hath now no bus'nesse at the Barre :
 But to make Wills and Testaments for those
 That were for France, their substance to dispose.

By this, the Counsell of this Warre had met,
 And had at large of eu'ry thing discust ;
 And the graue Clergie had with them beene set :
 To warrant what they vndertook was iust,
 And as for monies that to be no let,
 They bad the King for that to them to trust :
 The Church to pawne, would see her Challice layde,
 E'r shee would leauue one Pyoner vnpayde.

Halfe the circuit of the Island, from the Spanish to the German Ocean.

From Milford Hauen, to the mouth of Tweed, ✓
 Ships of all burthen to Southampton brought,
 For there the King the Rendeuous decreed
 To beare aboard his most victorious fraught :
 The place from whence he with the greatest speed
 Might land in France, (of any that was thought)

Edward the third.

And with successe vpon that lucky shore,
 Where his great Grandsire landed had before.

But, for he found those vessels were to fewe,
 That into France his Army should conuay :
 He sent to Belgia, whose great store he knewe,
 Might now at neede supply him euery way.
 His bounty ample, as the windes that blewe,
 Such Barkes for Portage out of eu'ry bay

In Holland, Zealand, and in Flanders, brings ;
 As spred the wide sleeue with their canuase wings.

The Sea betwixt France and England so called.

A Catalogue of the Ships in 12 Stanzas.

But first seauen Ships from Rochester are sent, ✓
 The narrow Seas, of all the French to sweepe :
 All men of Warre with scripts of Mart that went,
 And had command, the Coast of France to keepe :
 The comming of a Nauie to preuent,
 And view what strength, was in the Bay of Deepe :
 And if they found it like to come abroad,
 To doe their best to fire it in the Road.

The names of the Kings 7 Ships of War.

An Indian Bird so great, that she is able to carry an Elephant.

The Bonaventure, George, and the Expence, ✓
 Three as tall Ships, as e'r did Cable tewe,
 The Henry Royall, at her parting thence,
 Like the huge Ruck from Gillingham that flewe :
 The Antilop, the Elephant, Defence,
 Bottoms as good as euer spread a clue :
 All hauing charge, their voyage hauing bin,
 Before Southampton to take Souldiers in.

Twelue Merchants Ships, of mighty burthen all,
 New off the Stocks, that had beene rig'd for Stoad,
 Riding in Thames by Lymehouse and Blackwall
 That ready were their Merchandize to load,
 Straitly commanded by the Admirall,
 At the same Port to settle their aboad :

And each of these a Pinnis at command,
 To put her fraught conueniently to land.

Eight goodly Ships, so Bristow ready made, ✓
 Which to the King they bountifullly lent,
 With Spanish Wines which they for Ballast lade,
 In happy speed of his braue Voyage ment,
 Hoping his Conquest should enlarge their Trade,
 And there-withall a rich and spacious Tent :

And as this Fleet the Seuerne Seas doth stem,
 Fiue more from Padstowe came along with them.

The Hare of Loo, a right good Ship well knownc,
 The yeare before that twice the Strayts had past,
 Two wealthy Spanish Merchants did her owne,
 Who then but lately had repair'd her wast ;
 For from her Deck a Pyrate she had blowne,
 After a long Fight, and him tooke at last :

And from Mounts Bay sixe more, that still in sight,
 Wayted with her before the Ile of Wight.

From Plymmouth next came in the Blazing Starre,
 And fiery Dragon to take in their fraught ;
 With other foure, especiall men of Warre,
 That in the Bay of Portugall had fought ;
 And though returning from a Voyage farre,
 Stem'd that rough Sea, when at the high'st it wrought :
 With these, of Dertmouth seau'n good Ships there were,
 The golden Cressant in their tops that beare.

*The Bay of
 Portugall one
 of the highest
 working Seas
 that is known.*

So Lyme, three Ships into the Nauy sent,
 Of which the Sampson scarse a mon'th before,
 Had sprung a Planke, and her mayne Mast had spent,
 With extreame perill that she got to shore ;
 With them fие other out of Waymouth went,
 Which by Southampton, were made vp a score :
 With those that rode (at pleasure) in the Bay,
 And that at Anchor before Portsmouth lay.

Next these, Newcastle furnisheth the Fleet
 With nine good Hoyes of necessary vse ;
 The Danish Pyrats, valiantly that beet,
 Offring to Sack them as they say'd for Sluce :
 Six Hulks from Hull at Humbers mouth them meet,
 Which had them oft accompanied to Pruce.
 Fие more from Yarmouth falling them among,
 That had for Fishing beene prepared long.

The Cowe of Harwich, neuer put to flight,
 For Hides, and Furres, late to Muscouia bound,
 Of the same Port, another nam'd the Spight,
 That in her comming lately through the Sound,
 After a two-dayes-still-continued fight,
 Had made three Flemings runne themselues a ground ;
 With three neat Flee-boats which with them doe take,
 Six Ships of Sandwich vp the Fleet to make.

*Aydes to the
King by the
Nobility.*

Nine Ships for the Nobility there went,
 Of able men, the enterprize to ayde,
 Which to the King most liberally they lent,
 At their owne charge, and bountifuly payde,
 Northumberland, and Westmerland in sent
 Fourescore at Armes a peece, themselues and layde
 At six score Archers each, as Suffolke showes,
 Twenty tall men at Armes, with forty Bowes.

Warwick and Stafford leauied at no lesse
 Then noble Suffolke, nor doe offer more
 Of men at Armes, and Archers which they presse,
 Of their owne Tenants, Arm'd with their owne store :
 Their forwardnesse fore-showes their good successe
 In such a Warre, as had not beene before :
 And other Barrons vnder Earles that were,
 Yet dar'd with them an equall charge to beare.

Darcy and Camois, zealous for the King,
 Louell, Fitzwater, Willoughby, and Rosse,
 Berckley, Powis, Burrell, fast together cling ;
 Seymer, and Saint Iohn for the bus'nesse closse,
 Each twenty Horse, and forty foote doe bring
 More, to nine hundred mounting in the grosse
 In those nine Ships, and fitly them bestow'd,
 Which with the other fall into the Road.

From Holland, Zeland, and from Flanders wonne
 By weekly pay, threescore twelue Bottoms came,
 From fifty vpward, to fие hundred Tunne ;
 For eu'ry vse a Marriner could name,
 Whose glittering Flags against the Radient Sunne,
 Show'd as the Sea had all beene of a flame ;
 For Skiffes, Crayes, Scallops, and the like, why these
 From eu'ry small Creeke, cou'red all the Seas.

The man whose way from London hap'd to lye,
 By those he met might guesse the generall force,
 Daily encountred as he passed by,
 Now with a Troupe of Foote, and then of Horse,
 To whom the people still themselues apply,
 Bringing them victuals as in mere remorse :
 And still the acclamation of the presse,
 Saint George for England, to your good successe.

There might a man haue seene in eu'ry Streete,
 The Father bidding farewell to his Sonne :
 Small Children kneeling at their Fathers feete :
 The Wife with her deare Husband ne'r had done :
 Brother, his Brother, with adieu to greete :
 One Friend to take leaue of another runne :
 The Mayden with her best belou'd to part,
 Gae him her hand, who tooke away her heart.

The nobler Youth the common ranke aboue,
 On their coruetting Coursers mounted faire,
 One ware his Mistris Garter, one her Gloue ;
 And he a lock of his deare Ladies haire ;
 And he her Colours, whom he most did loue ;
 There was not one but did some Fauour weare :
 And each one tooke it, on his happy spedee,
 To make it famous by some Knightly deede.

The cloudes of dust, that from the wayes arose,
 Which in their martch, the trampling Troupes doe reare :
 When as the Sunne their thicknesse doth oppose
 In his descending, shining wondrous cleare,
 To the beholder farre off standing showes
 Like some besieged Towne, that were on fire :
 As though fore-telling e'r they should returne,
 That many a Citie yet secure must burne.

The well-rig'd Nauie falne into the Road,
 For this short Cut with victuall fully stor'd,
 The King impatient of their long aboad,
 Commands his Army instantly aboard,
 Casting to haue each Company bestow'd,
 As then the time conuenience could afford ;
 The Ships appointed wherein they should goe,
 And Boats prepar'd for waftage to and fro.

To be imbarqu'd when euery Band comes downe,
 Each in their order as they mustred were,
 Or by the difference of their ^a Armings knowne,
 Or by their Colours ; for in Ensignes there,
 Some wore the Armes of their most ancient Towne,
 Others againe their owne Diuises beare,

There was not any, but that more or lesse,
 Something had got, that something should expresse.

First, in the ^b Kentish Stremer was a Wood,
 Out of whose top an arme that held a Sword,
 As their right Embleme ; and to make it good,
 They aboue other onely had a Word,
 Which was ; Vnconquer'd ; as that freest had stood.
^c Sussex the next that was to come Aboard

Bore a Blacke Lyon Rampant, sore that bled,
 With a Field-Arrow darted through the head.

The men of ^d Surrey, Checky Blew and gold,
 (Which for braue Warren their first Earle they wore,
 In many a Field that honour'd was of olde :)
 And Hamshire next in the same Colours bore,
 Three Lions Passant, th'Armes of Beuis bould,
 Who through the World so famous was of yore ;

A siluer ^e Tower, Dorsets Red Banner beares ;
 The Cornishmen two Wrestlers had for theirs.

The ^f Deuonshire Band, a Beacon set on fire,
 Somerset ^g a Virgine bathing in a Spring,
 Their Cities Armes, the men of Glostershire,
 In Gold three ^h Bloody Cheuernells doe bring ;

^h The Armes of the ancient Family of Clare Earle of Gloster borne by the City.

^a A Blazon of the Ensignes of the seuerall Shires, in 14 Stanzas following.

^b Expressing their freedom, as still retaining their ancient liberties, by surprizing the Conqueror like a moving Wood.

^c An expressio of King Ha- rolds death, slaine with an Arrow in the head, at the Battaile of Hastings, fighting against the Conqueror.

^d The first fa- mous Earle of that Countrey.

^e Expressing the pleasant- nesse of the scituacion of that Countrey, lying vpon the French sea.

^f As lying the fittest to expell or forwarne Inuasion.

^g Expressing the delicacy of the Bath, their chiefe Citty.

^a *Stonidge being the first wonder of England, standing in Wiltshire.* Wiltshire a Crowned ^a Piramed ; As nigher Then any other to martch to the King ; Barkshire a ^b Stag, vnder an Oake that stood, Oxford a White Bull wading in a Flood.

^b *An old Embleme of Berech, or Berkshire.* The mustred men for ^c Buckingham, are gone ^v Vnder the Swan, the Armes of that olde Towne, The Londoners, and Middlesex as one, Are by the Red Crosse, and the Dagger knownde ; The Men of ^d Essex ouermatch'd by none, Vnder Queene Hellens Image Martching downe ; ^e Suffolke a Sunne halfe risen from the brack, ^f Norfolke a Triton on a Dolphines backe.

^d *Queene Helen Founder of the Crosse, wife to Constantine, and Daughter to King Coell, builder of Chester in Essex.* The Souldiers sent from ^g Cambridgshire, a Bay Vpon a Mountaine watred with a shower : Hartford ^b two Harts that in a Riuer play ; Bedfords an Eagle pearcht vpon a Tower, And ^h Huntington a People proud as they, Not giuing place to any for their power, A youthfull Hunter, with a Chaplet Crown'd, In a pyde Lyam leading forth his Hound.

^f *For the braue prospect to the Germaine Ocean.* Northampton ^k with a Castle seated high, Supported by two Lyons thither came ; The men of ^l Rutland, to them marching nie, In their rich Ensigne beare an Ermine Ram, And ^m Lestershire that on their strength relye, A Bull and Mastiue fighting for the game.

^g *Hauing relation to that famous Vniuersitie their Shiere Towne.* Lincolne ^a a Ship most neatly that was lim'd In all her Sailes with Flags and Pennons trim'd.

ⁱ *The Armes of the towne of Huntingdon, first so named of a place where Hunters met.*

^k *The armes of the towne.*

^l *From the abundance of wooll in that tract.*

^m *A sport more vsed in that Shiere from ancient time, then in any other.*

ⁿ *For the length that it hath vpon the Germane Ocean.*

Stout ^a Warwickshire, her ancient badge the Beare,
 Worster ^b a Peare-Tree laden with the Fruit,
 A Golden Fleece and ^c Hereford doth weare,
 Stafford ^d a Hermet in his homely sute,
 Shropshire ^e a Falcon towring in the Ayre,
 And for the Shiere whose surface seems most brute,
 Darby, an Eagle sitting on a Roote,
 A swathed Infant holding in her foote.

Olde ^f Nottingham, an Archer clad in greene,
 Vnder a Tree with his drawne Bowe that stood,
 Which in a checkquer'd Flagge farre off was seene :
 It was the Picture of olde Robin Hood,
 And ^g Lancashire not as the least I weene, [blood :
 Thorough three Crownes, three Arrowes smear'd with
 Cheshire a Banner very square and broad,
 Wherein a man vpon a Lyon rode.

A flaming Lance, the ^h Yorkshiere men for them,
 As those for Durham neere againe at hand,
 A Myter crowned with a Diadem :
 An Armed man, the men of ⁱ Cumberland :
 So ^k Westmerland link'd with it in one Stem,
 A Ship that wrackt lay fierd vpon the sand :
 Northumberland ^l with these com'n as a Brother,
 Two Lyons fighting tearing one another.

Thus as themselues the English men had show'd
 Vnder the Ensigne of each seu'rall Shiere,
 The Natiue Welch who no lesse honour ow'd
 To their owne King, nor yet lesse valiant were,

^a The Beare and ragged Staffe, the ancient Armes of that Earle-dome.

^b For the abundance of fruit more there then in any other tract.

^c The finenesse of the wooll of Lemster in that Shiere.

^d Many Hermites liued there in the woods in times past, it being all forrestie.

^e Expressing the loftinessse of the mountaines in that Shiere, on which many Hawkes were wont to airy.

^f That famous out-law liued much in that Country, and is yet by many places there celebrated.

^g Accounted euer the best Archers in England.

^h For their agillity with the Speare, and swiftnesse of their Naggs.

ⁱ Being ready stil in Armes against the Scots.

^k Expressing the scite therof iuting out into those dangerous Seas, betwixt England and Ireland.

^l Their terrible conflicts (many times) with the Scots, expressed in the fight between the golden and red Lyons.

^a *Milford Hauen in Pem-* In one strong Reg'ment had themselues bestow'd,
brookeshiere, And of the rest, resumed had the Reare :

one of the brauest harbours in the knowne world, ^a To their owne Quarter marching as the rest,
therefore not vnaptly so expressed. As neatly Arm'd, and brauely as the best.

^b *Partly Dutch, partly English,* ^a Pembroke, a Boat wherein a Lady stood,
partly Welch. Rowing her selfe within a quiet Bay ;
^c *Merlin, by whose birth and knowledge that towne is made famous.* Those men of South-Wales of the ^b mixed blood,
A Watch Tower or Pharos, Had of the Welch the leading of the way :
hauing the scituacion where Seuerne beginneth to widden, as when Pirats haue come in to give warninge to the other Maratyne Countries. Caermardin ^c in her Colours beare a Rood,
For the glory it hath attainted, to be the Kings birth-place, and to expresse his principalities. Whereon an olde man lean'd himselfe to stay
The Armes of Brecknock. At a Starre pointing ; which of great renoune,
Lying towards the midst of Wales, and for abundance of Sheepe, living on those high Mountaines. Was skilfull Merlin, namer of that Towne.

^d *Clamorgan men, a Castell great and hie,* ^d Clamorgan men, a Castell great and hie,
From which, out of the Battlement aboue, From which, out of the Battlement aboue,
A flame shot vp it selfe into the skye : A flame shot vp it selfe into the skye :
The men of Munmouth (for the ancient loue To that deare Country ; neighbouring them so nie) The men of ^e Munmouth (for the ancient loue
Next after them in Equipage that moue, Next after them in Equipage that moue,

Three Crownes Imperiall which supported were,
 With three Arm'd Armes, in their proud Ensigne beare.

The men of ^f Brecknock brought a Warlick Tent,
 Vpon whose top there sate a watchfull Cock,
 Radnor, ^g a mountaine of a high assent,
 Thereon a Shepheard keeping of his Flock,
 As ^h Cardigan the next to them that went,
 Came with a Mermayde sitting on a Rock,

And ⁱ Merioneth beares (as these had done)

Three dancing Goates against the rising Sunne.

^g *Lying towards the midst of Wales, and for abundance of Sheepe, living on those high Mountaines.*
^h *Expressing the scituacion of that Shiere, lying on the Maratine part vpon the Irish Sea.*
ⁱ *For the abundance of Goates, being on those inaccessible Mountaines.*

Those of ^a Mountgomery, beare a prancing Steed,
 Denbigh ^b a Neptune with his three-fork'd Mace :
 Flintshiere ^c a Workmayd in her Summers weed,
 With Sheafe and Sickle (with a warlick pace)
 Those of Caernaruon not the least in speed,
 Though marching last (in the mayne Armies face)
 Three golden Eagles in their Ensigne brought,
 Vnder which oft braue Owen Guyneth fought.

The Seas amazed at the fearefull sight,
 Of Armes, and Ensignes, that aboard were brought,
 Of Streamers, Banners, Pennons, Ensignes pight,
 Vpon each Pup and Prowe ; and at the fraught,
 So full of terror, that it hardly might
 Into a naturall course againe be brought,
 As the vaste Nauie which at Anchor rides,
 Proudly presumes to shoulder out the Tides.

The Fleet then full, and floating on the Maine, ✓
 The numerous Masts, with their braue Topsailes spred,
 When as the Winde a little doth them straine,
 Seeme like a Forrest bearing her proud head
 Against some rough flawe, that forerunns a raine ;
 So do they looke from euery loftie sted,
 Which with the Surges tumbled too and fro,
 Seeme (euen) to bend, as trees are seene to doe.

From euery Ship when as the Ordnance rore,
 Of their depart, that all might vnderstand,
 When as the zealous people from the shore,
 Againe with fires salute them from the Land,
 For so was order left with them before,
 To watch the Beacons, with a carefull hand,
 Which being once fierd, the people more or lesse,
 Should all to Church, and pray for their successe.

^a *The Shiere
breeding the
best Horses of
Wales.*

^b *As opening
it selfe to the
great North or
Deucalidonian
Sea.*

^c *Expressing
the abundance
of Corn and
grasse, in that
little Tract.*

*A Simile of
the Navy.*

*The braue
solemnity at
the departing
of the Fleet.*

*The Naui
Landing in
the mouth of
Seyne.*

They shape their Course into the Mouth of Seyne, ✓
That destin'd Flood those Nauiies to receiue,
Before whose fraught, her France had prostrate laine,
As now she must this, that shall neuer leauue,
Vntill the Engines that it doth containe,
Into the ayre her heightned walls shall heauue ;
Whose stubborne Turrets had refus'd to bow,
To that braue Nation that shall shake them now.

Long Boates with Scouts are put to land before,
Vpon light Naggs the Countrey to discry,
(Whilst the braue Army setting is on shore,)
To view what strength the enemy had nie,
Pressing the bosome of large France so sore,
That her pale Genius, in affright doth flye
To all her Townes and warnes them to awake,
And for her safety vp their Armes to take.

At Paris, Roan, and Orleance, she calls,
And at their gates with gronings doth complaine :
Then cries she out, O get vp to your walls :
The English Armies are return'd againe,
Which in two Battailes gaue those fatall falls,
At Cressie, and at Poyteers, where lay slaine
Our conquered Fathers, which with very feare
Quake in their Graues to feele them landed here.

The King of France now hauing vnderstood,
Of Henries entrance, (but too well improu'd,)
He cleerly saw that deere must be the blood,
That it must cost, e'r he could be remou'd ;
He sends to make his other Sea Townes good,
Neuer before so much it him behou'd ;
In eu'ry one a Garison to lay,
Fearing fresh powers from England eu'ry day.

To the high'st earth whilst awfull Henry gets,
 From whence strong Harflew he might easl'est see,
 With sprightly words, and thus their courage whets,
 In yonder walls be Mynes of gold (quoth he)
 He's a poore Slaue, that thinkes of any debts ;
 Harflew shall pay for all, it ours shall be :

This ayre of France doth like me wondrous well,
 Lets burne our Ships, for here we meane to dwell.

But through his Hoast, he first of all proclaim'd
 In paine of death, no English man should take
 From the Religious, aged, or the maym'd,
 Or women that could no resistance make :
 To gaine his owne for that he onely aym'd ;
 Nor would haue such to suffer for his sake :

Which in the French (when they the same did heare)
 Bred of this braue King, a religious feare.

His Army rang'd, in order fitting warre,
 Each with some greene thing doth his Murrian crowne,
 With his mayne standard fixt vpon the Carre ;
 Comes the great King before th'intrenched Towne,
 Whilst from the walls the people gazing are,
 In all their sights he sets his Army downe ;

Nor for their shot he careth not a pin,
 But seekes where he his Battery may begin.

And into three, his Army doth diuide,
 His strong aproaches on three parts to make ;
 Himselfe on th'one, Clarence on th'other side,
 To Yorke and Suffolke he the third doth take,
 The Mines the Duke of Gloucester doth guide ;
 Then caus'd his Ships the Riuier vp to Stake,

That none with Victuall should the Towne relieu
 Should the Sword faile, with Famine them to grieue.

*The braue encouragement
 of a courageous
 King.*

*A charitable
 Proclamation
 made by the
 King.*

*The Kings
 mayne Stan-
 dard (for the
 ponderousnes
 thereof,) cuer
 borne vpon a
 Carriage.*

*The King
 makes his
 approches on
 three parts.*

*The King
summons
Harflew.*

From his Pauillion where he sate in State,
Arm'd for the Siedge, and buckling on his Shield,
Braue Henry sends his Herault to the Gate,
By Trumpets sound, to summon them to yeeld,
And to accept his Mercy, ere to late,
Or else to say ere he forsooke the field,

 Harflew should be but a meere heape of Stones,
 Her buildings buried with her Owners bones.

France on this sudaine put into a fright,
With the sad newes of Harflew in distresse,
Whose unexpected, miserable plight,
She on the suddaine, knew not to redresse,
But vrg'd to doe the vtmost that she might,
The peoples feares and clamours to suppresse,

 Raiseth a power with all the speede she could,
 Somewhat thereby, to loose King Henryes hold.

*Charles de
Alibert, and
John Bowce-
qualt.*

The Marshall, and the Constable of France,
Leading those Forces levied for the turne,
By which they thought their Titles to aduance,
And of their Countrey endlesse praise to earne,
But it with them farre otherwise doth chance,
For when they saw the Villages to burne,
 And high-towr'd Harflew round ingirt with fires,
 They with their powers to Cawdebeck retire.

*A Simile of
the French
powers.*

Like as a Hinde when shee her Calfe doth see, ✓
Lighted by chance into a Lions pawes,
From which should shee aduenture it to free,
Shee must her selfe fill his deuouring Iawes,
And yet her young one, still his prey must be,
(Shee so instructed is by Natures Lawes :)

 With them so fares it, which must needs goe downe
 If they would fight ; and yet must loose the Towne :

Now doe they mount their Ordnance for the day, ✓
 Their scaling Ladders rearing to the walls,
 Their battering Rammes against the gates they lay,
 Their brazen slings send in the wilde-fire balls,
 Baskets of twigs now carie stones and clay,
 And to th'assault who furiously not falls ;

The Spade and Pickax working are belowe,
 Which then vnfelt, yet gaue the greatest blowe.

Rampiers of earth the painfull Pyoners raise ✓
 With the walls equall, close vpon the Dike,
 To passe by which the Souldier that assayes,
 On Planks thrust ouer, one him downe doth strike :
 Him with a mall a second English payes,
 A second French transpearc'd him with a Pyke :
 That from the height of the embattel'd Towers,
 Their mixed blood ranne downe the walls in showers.

A French man back into the Towne doth fall,
 With a sheafe Arrow shot into the head ;
 An English man in scaling of the wall,
 From the same place is by a stone struck dead ;
 Tumbling vpon them logs of wood, and all,
 That any way for their defence might sted :
 The hills at hand re-ecchoing with the din
 Of shouts without, and fearefull shrickes within.

When all at once the English men assaile,
 The French within all valiantly defend,
 And in a first assault, if any faile,
 They by a second striue it to amend :
 Out of the Towne come quarries thick as haile ;
 As thick againe their Shafts the English send :
 The bellowing Canon from both sides doth rore,
 With such a noyse as makes the Thunder pore.

*A description
of the siege of
Harflewe, in
the 19 follow-
ing Stanzaes.*

*Crosbowe
Arrowes.*

Now vpon one side you should heare a cry,
 And all that Quarter clowded with a smother ;
 The like from that against it by and by ;
 As though the one were eccho to the other,
 The King and Clarence so their turnes can ply :
 And valiant Gloster showes himselfe their brother ;
 Whose Mynes to the besieg'd more mischiefe doe,
 Then with th'assaults aboue, the other two.

An olde man sitting by the fier side,
 Decrepit with extreamity of Age,
 Stilling his little Grand-childe when it cride,
 Almost distracted with the Batteries rage :
 Sometimes doth speake it faire, sometimes doth chide,
 As thus he seekes its mourning to asswage,
 By chance a Bullet doth the chimney hit,
 Which falling in, doth kill both him and it.

Whilst the sad weeping Mother sits her downe,
 To giue her little new-borne Babe the Pap :
 A lucklesse quarry leueld at the Towne,
 Kills the sweet Baby sleeping in her lap,
 That with the fright shee falls into a swoone,
 From which awak'd, and mad with the mishap ;
 As vp a Rampire shreeking she doth clim,
 Comes a great Shot, and strikes her lim from lim.

Whilst a sort runne confusedly to quench,
 Some Pallace burning, or some fired Street,
 Call'd from where they were fighting in the Trench ;
 They in their way with Balls of Wilde-fire meet,
 So plagued are the miserable French,
 Not abone head, but also vnder feet :
 For the fierce English vowe the Towne to take,
 Or of it soone a heape of stones to make.

Hot is the Siege the English comming on,
 As men so long to be kept out that scorne,
 Carelesse of wounds as they were made of stone ;
 As with their teeth the walls they would haue torne :
 Into a Breach who quickly is not gone ;
 Is by the next behinde him ouer-borne :
 So that they found a place that gaue them way,
 They neuer car'd what danger therein lay.

From eu'ry Quarter they their course must plye,
 As't pleas'd the King them to th'assault to call :
 Now on the Duke of Yorke the charge doth lye :
 To Kent and Cornwall then the turne doth fall :
 Then Huntingdon vp to the walls they crye :
 Then Suffolke, and then Excester ; which all
 In their meane Souldiers habits vs'd to goe,
 Taking such part as those that own'd them doe.

The men of Harflew rough excursions make,
 Vpon the English watchfull in their Tent,
 Whose courages they to their cost awake,
 With many a wound that often back them sent,
 So proud a Sally that durst vndertake,
 And in the Chase pell mell amongst them went,
 For on the way such ground of them they win,
 That some French are shut out, some English in.

Nor idely sit our Men at Armes the while,
 Foure thousand Horse that eu'ry day goe out ;
 And of the Field are Masters many a mile,
 By putting the Rebellious French to rout ;
 No Peasants them with promises beguile :
 Another bus'nesse they were come about ;
 For him they take, his Ransome must redeeme,
 Onely French Crownes, the English men esteeme.

Whilst English Henry lastly meanes to trye :
By three vast Mynes, the walls to ouerthowre.
The French men their approches that espye,
By Countermynes doe meete with them belowe,
And as opposed in the Workes they lye :
Vp the Besieged the Besiegers blowe,

That stifled quite, with powder as with dust,
Longer to walls they found it vaine to trust.

Till Gaucourt then, and Tuttivile that were
The Townes Commanders, (with much perill) finde
The Resolution that the English beare ;
As how their owne to yeelding were enclinde,
Summon to parly, off'ring frankly there ;
If that ayde came not by a day assignde,
To giue the Towne vp, might their liues stand freec :
As for their goods, at Henries will to be.

And hauing wonne their conduct to the King,
Those hardy Chieffes on whom the charge had layne :
Thither those well-fed Burgesses doe bring,
What they had off'red strongly to maintaine
In such a case, although a dang'rous thing,
Yet they so long vpon their knees remaine :
That fие dayes respight from his Grant they haue,
Which was the most, they (for their liues) durst craue.

The time perfixed comming to expire,
And their relievee ingloriously delay'd :
Nothing within their sight but sword, and fire ;
And bloody Ensignes eu'ry where display'd :
The English still within themselues entire,
When all these things they seriously had way'd,
To Henries mercy found that they must trust,
For they perceiu'd their owne to be iniust.

The Ports are opened, weapons layd aside,
 And from the walls th'Artillary displac'd :
 The Armes of England are aduanc'd in pride :
 The watch Tower, with Saint Georges Banner grac'd :
 Liue Englands Henry, all the people cride :
 Into the Streetes their women runne in hast,
 Bearing their little Children, for whose sake
 They hop'd the King would the more mercy take.

The gates thus widened with the breath of Warre ; ✓
 Their ample entrance to the English gauë :
 There was no dore that then had any barre ;
 For of their owne not any thing they haue :
 When Henry comes on his Emperiall Carre :
 To whom they kneele their liues alone to saue.
 Strucken with wonder, when that face they sawe,
 Wherein such mercy was, with so much awe.

*The King of
 England
 entreth Har-
 flew in
 triumph.*

And first themselues the English to secure,
 Doubting what danger might be yet within ;
 The strongest Forts, and Citadell make sure,
 To shewe that they could keepe as well as win,
 And though the spoyles them wondrously allure,
 To fall to pillage e'r they will begin,
 They shut each passage, by which any power
 Might be brought on to hinder, but an hower.

That Conquering King which entring at the gate,
 Borne by the presse as in the ayre he swamme :
 Vpon the suddaine layes aside his state,
 And of a Lyon is become a Lambe :
 He is not now what he was but of late :
 But on his bare feete to the Church he came :
 By his example, as did all the presse,
 To giue God thankes, for his first good successe.

And sends his Herald to King Charles to say,
 That though he thus was setled on his shore,
 Yet he his Armes was ready downe to lay,
 His ancient right if so he would restore :
 But if the same he wilfully denay,

King Henry offereth to decide his right by single combat.
 To stop th'effusion of their Subiects gore ;
 He frankly off'reth in a single fight,
 With the young Dauphine to decide his right.

Eight dayes at Harflew he doth stay to heare,
 What answere back, his Herald him would bring :
 But when he found that he was ne'r the neere ;
 And that the Dauphine meaneth no such thing
 As to fight single ; nor that any were
 To deale for composition from the King :
 He casts for Callice to make forth his way,
 And takes such Townes, as in his Iourneyes lay.

But first his bus'nesse he doth so contrive,
 To curbe the Townes-men, should they chance to stirre
 Of Armes, and Office he doth them deprive,
 And to their roomes the English doth preferre :
 Out of the Ports all Vagrants he doth driue,
 And therein sets his Vnckle Excester :
 This done, to martch he bids the thundring Drummes,
 To scourge proud France whē now her Cōqueror
 comes.

The King and Dauphine hauing vnderstood,
 How on his way this haughty Henry was
 Ouer the Soame, which is a dangerous flood ;
 Pluckt downe the Bridges that might giue him passe ;
 And eu'ry thing, if fit for humane food,
 Caus'd to be forrag'd ; (to a wondrous masse)
 And more then this, his Iourneyes to fore-slowe,
 He scarce one day vnskirmish'd with, doth goe.

But on his march, in midst of all his foes ;
 He like a Lyon keepes them all at bay,
 And when they seeme him strictly to enclose ;
 Yet through the thick'st he hewes him out a way :
 Nor the proud Daulphine dare him to oppose ;
 Though off'ring oft his Army to fore-lay :
 Nor all the power the eniuious French can make,
 Force him one foote, his path (but) to forsake.

And each day as his Army doth remoue,
 Marching along vpon Soames Marshy side,
 His men at Armes on their tall Horses proue,
 To finde some shallow, ouer where to ryde,
 But all in vaine against the Streame they stroue,
 Till by the helpe of a laborious guide,
 A Ford was found to set his Army ore
 Which neuer had discouered beene before.

*A ford found
in the Riuier of
Soame.*

The newes divulg'd that he had waded Soame,
 And safe to shore his Caridges had brought,
 Into the Daulphins bosome strooke so home,
 And one the weakenesse of King Charles so wrought ;
 That like the troubled Sea, when it doth Foame,
 As in a rage, to beate the Rocks to nought ;
 So doe they storme, and curse on curse they heapt
 Gaint those which should the passages haue kept.

And at that time, both resident in Roan,
 Thither for this assembling all the Peeres,
 Whose Counsailes now must vnderprop their Throne
 Against the Foe ; which, not a man but feares ;
 Yet in a moment confident are growne,
 When with fresh hopes, each one his fellow cheeres,
 That ere the English to their Callis got,
 Some for this spoile should pay a bloody shot.

*A Counsell
held at Roan
against the
King of
England.*

Therfore they both in solemne Counsaile satt,
 With Berry and with Britaine their Alies ;
 Now speake they of this course, and then of that,
 As to insnare him how they might diuise ;
 Something they faine would doe, but know not what,
 At length the Duke Alanzon vp doth rise,
 And crauing silence of the King and Lords,
 Against the English, brake into these words.

A speech of the Duke Alanzon against the English. Had this vnbridled youth an Army led,
 That any way were worthy of your feare,
 Against our Nation, that durst turne the head,
 Such as the former English forces were,
 This care of yours, your Countrey then might sted,
 To tell you then, who longer can forbeare,
 That into question, you our valour bring,
 To call a Counsaile for so poore a thing.

A Route of tatter'd Rascalls starued so, ✓
 As forced through extreamity of need
 To rake for scraps on Dunghils as they goe,
 And on the Berries of the Shrubs to feed,
 Besides with fluxes are enfeebled so,
 And other foule diseases that they breed,
 That they, there Armes disabled are to sway,
 But in their march doe leauue them on the way.

And to our people but a handfull are,
 Scarce thirtie thousand, when to Land they came,
 Of which to England dayly some repaire,
 Many from Harflew carried sicke and lame,
 Fitter for Spittles, and the Surgions care,
 Then with their Swords on vs to winne them fame,
 Vnshod, and without stockings are the best,
 And those by Winter miserably opprest.

To let them dye vpon their march abroad,
 And Fowles vpon their Carkases to feed,
 The heapes of them vpon the common road
 A great infection likely were to breed,
 For our owne safeties see them then bestow'd,
 And doe for them this charitable deede :

Vnder our Swords together let them fall,
 And one that day they dye, be buried all.

This bold invectiue forc'd against the Foe,
 Although it most of the Assembly seas'd,
 Yet those which better did the English know,
 Were but a little with his speeches pleas'd,
 And that the Duke of Berry meant to shewe :
 Which when the murmure somewhat was appeas'd,
 After a while their listning silence breakes,
 And thus in answere of Alanzon speakes.

My Liedge, quoth he, and you my Lords, and Peeres, *The Duke of*
 Whom this great businesse chiefly doth concerne, *Berrys*
 By my experience, now so many yeeres *answere to*
 To know the English I am not to learne ; *Alanzon.*
 Nor I more feeling haue of humane feares
 Than fitteth Manhood, nor doe hope to earne
 Suffrage from any ; but by zeale am wonne,
 To speake my minde here, as the Duke hath done.

Th'euents of Warre are various (as I know)
 And say, the losse vpon the English light,
 Yet may a dying man giue such a blow,
 As much may hinder his proud Conquerours might ;
 It is enough our puissant power to shewe
 To the weake English, now vpon their flight,
 When want, and winter, strongly spurre them on,
 You else but slay them, that would faine be gon.

I like our Forces their first course should hold,
To skirmish with them, vpon euery stay,
But fight by no meanes with them, though they would,
Except they finde them forraging for pray,
So still you haue them shut vp in a Fould,
And still to Callis keepe them in their way ;
So Fabius wearied Hanibal, so we
May English Henry, pleased if you be.

And of the English rid your Countrey cleane,
If on their backs, but Callice walles they win,
Whose Frontier Townes you easly may maintaine,
With a strong Army still to keepe them in ;
Then let our Ships make good the mouth of Seyne,
And at your pleasure Harflew you may winne,
Ere with Supplys againe they can inuade,
Spent in the Voyage lately hither made.

That day at Poyteers, in that bloody Field,
The sudaine turne in that great Battell then,
Shall euer teach me, whilst I Armes can weeld,
Neuer to trust to multitudes of men ;
Twas the first day that ere I wore a Sheeld,
Oh let me neuer see the like agen !

Where their Blacke Edward such a Battell wonne
As to behold it might amaze the Sunne.

There did I see our conquered Fathers fall,
Before the English on that fatall ground,
When as to ours their number was but small,
And with braue Spirits France ne'r did more abound,
Yet oft that Battaile into minde I call,
Whereas of ours, one man seemd all one wound,
I instance this ; yet humbly here submit
My selfe to fight, if you shall thinke it fit.

The Marshall and the Constable about
 To second, what this sager Duke had said :
 The youthfull Lords into a cry brake out,
 Gaint their opinions, so that ouer-sway'd,
 Some seeming of their Loyalties to doubt ;
 Alanzon as an Oracle obay'd,
 And not a French then present, but doth sweare
 To kill an English if ynow there were.

*Young mens
 counsailes oft-
 times proue
 the vtter sub-
 uersion both of
 themselues and
 others.*

A Herault posted presently away,
 The King of England to the field to dare,
 To bid him cease his spoyle, nor to delay
 Gaint the French power his forces but prepare :
 For that King Charles determin'd to display
 His bloody Ensignes, and through France declare
 The day, and place, that Henry should set downe,
 In which their Battailes, should dispose the Crowne.

*The French
 King sendeth
 to dare the
 King of
 England to
 Battaile.*

This newes to Henry by the Herault brought,
 As one dispassion'd soberly (quoth he)
 Had your King pleas'd, we sooner might haue fought ; *The King of*
 For now my Souldiers much enfeebled be : *Englands*
 Nor day, nor place, for Battaile shall be sought
 By English Henry : but if he seeke me,
 I to my vtmost will my selfe defend,
 And to th'Almighty's pleasure leaue the end.

modest answer.

The brute of this intended Battaile spred,
 The coldnesse of each sleeping courage warmes,
 And in the French that daring boldnesse bred :
 Like casting Bees that they arise in swarmes,
 Thinking the English downe so farre to tred,
 As past that day ne'r more to rise in Armes,
 T'extirpe the name, if possible it were,
 At least not after to be heard of there.

*A Simily of
the rising of
the French.*

As when you see the eniuious Crowe espye, ✓
Something that shee doth naturally detest :
With open throat how shee doth squall and crye ;
And from the next Groue calleth in the rest,
And they for those beyond them bawling flye,
Till their foule noyse doth all the ayre infest :
Thus French, the French to this great Battaile call,
Vpon their swords to see the English fall.

*David Gam, a
great Captain
in that Warr.*

And to the King when seriously one tolde,
With what an Host he should encountered be,
Gam noting well, the King did him behold,
In the reporting ; Merrily (quoth he)
My Liege I'le tell you if I may be bold,
We will diuide this Army into three :

One part we'll kill, the second prisoners stay ;
And for the third, we'll leaue to runne away.

But for the Foe came hourely in so fast,
Lest they his Army should disordred take :
The King who wisely doth the worst forecast,
His speedy martch doth presently forsake,
Into such forme and his Battalion cast ;
That doe their worst they should not eas'ly shake :
For that his scouts which forrag'd had the Coast,
Bad him at hand expect a puissant Host.

*The Duke of
Yorke.*

On which ere long the English Vanward light,
Which York, of men the brauest, doth command,
When either of them in the others sight,
He caus'd the Army instantly to stand,
As though preparing for a present Fight,
And rideth forth from his courageous Band,
To view the French, whose numbers ouer spread,
The troubled Country on whose earth they tread.

Now were both Armies got vpon that ground,
 As on a Stage, where they their strengthes must trye,
 Whence from the wydth of many a gaping wound,
 There's many a soule into the Ayre must flye :
 Meane while the English that some ease had found ;
 By the aduantage of a Village nie,
 There set them downe the Battell to abide,
 Where they the place had strongly fortifide.

Made drunke with pride the haughty French disdaine,
 Lesse then their owne, a multitude to view,
 Nor aske of God the victory to gaine,
 Vpon the English wext so poore and fewe,
 To stay their slaughter thinking it a paine,
 And lastly to that insolence they grewe,
 Quoys, Lots, and Dice for Englishmen to cast,
 And sweare to pay, the Battaile being past.

*The French
 scorning the
 English, being
 so fewe in
 respect of their
 mighty power.*

For knots of corde to eu'ry Towne they send,
 The Captiu'd English that they caught to binde,
 For to perpetuall slau'ry they intend :
 Those that alive they on the Field should finde,
 So much as that they fear'd lest they should spend
 Too many English, wherefore they assignde
 Some to keepe fast those, fayne that would be gon
 After the Fight, to try their Armes vpon.

One his bright sharpe-eg'd Semiter doth showe,
 Off'ring to lay a thousand Crownes (in pride)
 That he two naked English at one blowe,
 Bound back to back will at the wasts diuide,
 Some bett his sword will do't, some others no,
 After the Battaile, and they'll haue it tride :
 Another wafts his Blade about his head,
 And shewes them how their hamstrings he will shread.

They part their prisoners, passing them for debt,
 And in their Ransome ratibly accord
 To a Prince of ours, a Page of theirs they set ;
 And a French Lacky to an English Lord ;
 As for our Gentry them to hyre they'll let,
 And as good cheape as they can them afford,
 Branded for Slaves that if they hapt to stray,
 Knowne by the marke, them any one might slay.

And cast to make a Chariot for the King,
 Painted with Antickes, and ridiculous toyes,
 In which they meane to Paris him to bring,
 To make sport to their Madames and their Boyes,
 And will haue Rascalls, Rymes of him to sing,
 Made in his mock'ry ; and in all these ioyes,
 They bid the Bells to ring, and people crie,
 Before the Battaile, France and Victorie.

And to the King and Daulphine sent away
 (Who at that time residing were in Roane)
 To be partakers of that glorious day :
 Wherein the English should be ouerthronwe,
 Lest that of them ensuing times should say,
 That for their safety they forsooke their owne :
 When France did that braue victory obtaine,
 That shall her lasting'st monument remaine.

The poore distressed Englishmen the whiles, ✓
 Not dar'd by doubt, and lesse appaul'd with dread
 Of their Arm'd Pykes, some sharpening are the pyles,
 The Archer grinding his barb'd Arrow head :
 Their Bills and Blades, some whetting are with Files :
 And some their Armours strongly Riueted :
 Some pointing Stakes to stick into the ground,
 To guard the Bow-men, and their Horse to wound.

The night fore-running this most dreadfull day :

The French that all to iollity encline :

Some fall to dancing, some againe to play :

And some are drinking to this great Designe :

But all in pleasure spend the night away :

The Tents with lights, the Fields with Boone-fires shine :

*The Ryot in
the French
Campe the
night before
the Battell.*

The common Souldiers Free-mens Catches sing :

With showtes and laughter all the Campe doth ring.

The wearied English watchfull o'r their Foes,

(The depth of night then drawing on so fast)

That fayne a little would themselues repose,

With thanks to God, doe take that small repast

Which that poore Village willingly bestowes :

And hauing plac'd their Sentinels at last,

They fall to Prayer, and in their Cabins blest,

T'refresh their spirits, then tooke them to their rest.

In his Pauillion Princely Henry lay'd, ✓

Whilst all his Army round about him slept,

His restlesse head vpon his Helmet stay'd,

For carefull thoughts his eyes long waking kept :

Great God (quoth he) withdraw not now thy ayde :

Nor let my Father Henries sinnes be heapt

On my transgressions, vp the Summe to make,

For which thou may'st me vtterly forsake.

*Pondering in
his thoughts,
his Fathers
comming to the
Crowne by de-
posing the
rightfull
King.*

King Richards wrongs, to minde, Lord doe not call, ✓

Nor how for him my Father did offend,

From vs alone deriue not thou his fall,

Whose odious life caus'd his vntimely end,

That by our Almes be expiated all :

Let not that sinne on me his Sonne desend,

When as his body I translated haue,

And buried in an honourable Graue.

*Henry the
fift caused the
body of King
Richard to be
taken vp,
where it was
meanely buried
at Langley,
and to be layde
in West-
minster by his
first Wife
Queene Anne.*

These things thus pondring, sorrow-ceasing sleepe, ✓
 From cares to rescue his much troubled minde,
 Vpon his Eye-lids stealingly doth creepe,
 And in soft slumbers euery sense doth binde,
 (As vndisturbed euery one to keepe)
 When as that Angell to whom God assign'd,
 The guiding of the English, gliding downe
 The silent Campe doth with fresh courage crowne.

His glittering wings he gloriously displaies, ✓
 Ouer the Hoste as euery way it lies
 With golden Dreames their trauell, and repaies,
 This Herault from the Rector of the skies,
 In Vision warnes them not to vse delayes,
 But to the Battell cheerefully to rise,
 And be victorious, for that day at hand,
 He would amongst them for the English stand.

The dawne scarse drewe the curtaines of the East,
 But the late wearied Englishmen awake,
 And much refreshed with a little rest
 Themselues soone ready for the Battaile make,
 Not any one but feeleth in his breast,
 That sprightly fire which Courage bids him take,
 For ere the Sunne next rising went to bed,
 The French by them in triumph should be led.

And from their Cabins, ere the French arose, ✓
 (Drown'd in the pleasure of the passed night,)
 The English cast their Battailes to dispose,
 Fit for the ground whereon they were to fight :
 Foorth that braue King couragious Henry goes,
 An hower before that it was fully light,
 To see if there might any place be found,
 To giue his Hoste aduantage by the ground.

*The great care
of a wise and
politike Cap-
taine.*

Where twas his hap a Quicksett hedge to view,
 Well growne in height ; and for his purpose thin,
 Yet by the Ditch vpon whose banke it grew,
 He found it to be difficult to winne,
 Especially if those of his were true,
 Amongst the shrubbs that he should set within,
 By which he knew their strength of Horse must come,
 If they would euer charge his Vanguard home.

And of three hundred Archers maketh choice,
 Some to be taken out of euery Band,
 The strongest Bowmen, by the generall voyce,
 Such as beside were valient of their hand,
 And to be so employed, as would reioyce,
 Appointing them behinde the hedge to stand,
 To shrowde themselues from sight, and to be mute,
 Vntill a signall freely bad them shute.

This Stratagem the ouer-throw of the French.

The gamesome Larke now got vpon her Wing,
 As twere the English earely to awake,
 And to wide heauen her cheerefull notes doth sing,
 As shee for them would intercession make,
 Nor all the noyse that from below doth spring,
 Her ayrie walke can force her to forsake,
 Of some much noted, and of others lesse,
 But yet of all presaging good successe.

The lazie French their leisure seem to take,
 And in their Cabins keepe themselues so long,
 Till flocks of Rauens them with noyse awake,
 Ouer the Army like a Cloud that hong,
 Which greater haste inforceth them to make,
 When with their croaking all the Countrey rong,
 Which boaded slaughter as the most doe say,
 But by the French it turned was this way.

*The French
mis-interpret
the flight of
Rauens houer-
ing ouer their
owne Campe.*

That this diuyning Foule well vnderstood,
Vpon that place much gore was to be spill'd,
And as those Birds doe much delight in blood,
With humane flesh would haue their gorges fill'd,
So waited they vpon their Swords for food,
To feast vpon the English being kill'd,

Then little thinking that these came in deed
On their owne mangled Carkases to feed.

When soone the French preparing for the Field,
Their armed troops are setting in array,
Whose wondrous numbers they can hardly weeld,
The place too little wherevpon they lay,
They therefore to necessitie must yeeld,
And into Order put them as they may,

Whose motion sounded like to Nilus fall,
That the vaste ayre was deafned therewithall.

*The Marshal-
ling of the
French Army,
containing
three stanzas.*

The Constable, and Admirall of France,
With the grand Marshall, men of great command :
The Dukes of Burbon, and of Orleance,
Some for their place, some for their birth-right stand,
The Dauphine of Averney (to aduance
His worth and honour) of a puissant hand :
The Earle of Ewe in Warre that had beene bred,
These mighty men the mighty Vanward led.

The mayne brought forward by the Duke of Barre,
Neuers, and Beamont, men of speciall name :
Alanzon thought, not equall'd in this Warre,
With them Salines, Rous, and Grandpre came,
Their long experience, who had fetcht from farre,
Whom this expected Conquest doth enflame,
Consisting most of Crosbowes, and so great,
As France her selfe it well might seeme to threat.

The Duke of Brabant of high valour knowne,
 The Earles of Marle, and Faconbridge the Reare,
 To Arthur Earle of Richmount's selfe alone,
 They leaue the Right wing to be guided there :
 Lewes of Burbon, second yet to none,
 Led on the left ; with him that mighty Peere
 The Earle of Vandome, who of all her men
 Large France entytled, her great Master then.

The Duke of Yorke the English Vanward guides,
 Of our strong Archers, that consisted most ;
 Which with our Horse was wing'd on both the sides :
 T'affront so great and terrible an Host ;
 There valiant Fanhope, and there Beamount rides,
 With Willoughby which scowred had the Coast,
 That morning early, and had seene at large,
 How the Foe came, that then they were to charge.

Henry himselfe, on the mayne Battell brings,
 Nor can these Legions of the French affright
 This Mars of men, this King of earthly Kings :
 Who seem'd to be much pleased with the sight,
 As one ordain'd t'accomplish mighty things ;
 Who to the Field came in such brau'ry dight :
 As to the English boades succesfull luck
 Before one stroke, on either side was struck.

In Warlike state the Royall Standard borne
 Before him, as in splendrous Armes he road,
 Whilst his coruetting Courser seem'd in scorne
 To touch the earth whereon he proudly troad,
 Lillyes, and Lyons quarterly adorne ;
 His Shield, and his Caparison doe load :
 Upon his Helme a Crowne with Diamonds deckt,
 Which through the Field their Radient fiers reflect.

*The Marshal-
 ling of the
 English Army
 cōtaining fīue
 stanzas.*

*The brauerye of
 King Henrys
 owne person.*

The Duke of Gloster neere to him agen,
 T'assist his Brother in that dreadfull day,
 Oxford and Suffolke both true Marshiall men,
 Ready to keepe the Battell in Array,
 To Excester there was appointed then
 The Reare ; on which their second succours lay :

Which were the youth, most of the Noblest blood,
 Vnder the Ensignes of their names that stood.

Then of the stakes he doth the care command,
 To certaine troupes that actiue were and strong,
 Onely diuis'd the Archers to defend,
 Pointed with Iron and of faine foote long ;
 To be remou'd still which way they should bend, [throng
 Where the French Horse should thick'st vpon them
 Which when the Host to charge each other went,
 Show'd his great wit that first did them inuent.

Both Armies sit, and at the point to fight,
 The French themselues assuring of the day ;
 Send to the King of England (as in spight)
 To know what he would for his Ransome pay,
 Who with this answere doth their scorne requite :
 I pray thee Herault wish the French to stay,
 And e'r the day be past, I hope to see,
 That for their Ransomes they shall send to me.

*The scornfull
message of the
French to the
King of
England.
The Kings
answer to the
French.*

*The Constables
Oration to the
French.* The French which found how little Henry makes,
 Of their vaine boasts, as set therewith on fire,
 Whilst each one to his Ensigne him betakes ;
 The Constable to raise their spleene the hyer, [sakes,
 Thus speakes : Braue friends now for your Grandsires
 Your Country, Honours, or what may inspire
 Your soules with courage, straine vp all your powers,
 To make this day victoriously ours.

Forward stout French, your valours and aduance,
 By taking vengeance for our Fathers slaine,
 And strongly fixe the Diadem of France,
 Which to this day vnsteady doth remaine :
 Now with your swords their Traytours bosomes lance,
 And with their bloods wash out that ancient staine,
 And make our earth drunke with the English gore,
 Which hath of ours oft surfited before.

Let not one liue in England once to tell,
 What of their King, or of the rest became :
 Nor to the English, what in France befell :
 But what is bruted by the generall fame :
 But now the Drummes began so lowd to yell,
 As cut off further what he would declame :
 And Henry seeing them on so fast to make,
 Thus to his Souldiers comfortably spake.

Thinke but vpon the iustnesse of our cause,
 And he's no man their number that will wey ;
 Thus our great Grandsire purchas'd his applause,
 The more they are, the greater is our prey,
 We'll hand in hand wade into dangers iawes,
 And let report to England this Conuey
 That it for me no Ransome e'r shall rayse,
 Either I'le Conquer, or here end my dayes.

*The King of
 Englands
 Oration to the
 English.*

It were no glory for vs to subdue
 Them, then our number, were the French no more ;
 When in one Battaile twice our Fathers slue,
 Three times so many as themselues before,
 But to doe something that were strange and new :
 Wherefore (I aske you) Came we to this shore ;
 Vpon these French our Fathers wan renowne,
 And with their swords we'll hewe yan Forrest downe.

The meanest Souldier if in Fight he take,
 The greatest Prince in yonder Army knowne,
 Without controule shall him his prisoner make,
 And haue his Ransome freely as his owne :
 Now English lyes our Honour at the stake,
 And now or neuer be our Valour showne :

God and our Cause, Saint George for England stands,
 Now Charge them English, fortune guide your hands.

When hearing one wish all the valiant men
 At home in England, with them present were ;
 The King makes answere instantly agen,

I would not haue one man more then is here :
 If we subdue, lesse should our praise be then :
 If ouercome, lesse losse shall England beare :

And to our numbers we should giue that deede,
 Which must from Gods owne powerfull hand proceede.

The dreadfull Charge the Drummes & Trumpets sound,
 With hearts exalted, though with humbled eyes,
 When as the English kneeling on the ground,
 Extend their hands vp to the glorious skyes ;
 Then from the earth as though they did rebound,
 Actiue as fire immediatly they rise :

And such a shrill shourt from their throats they sent,
 As made the French to stagger as they went.

*Sir Thomas
 Erpingham
 gave the
 Signall to the
 English.*

Wherewith they stopt, when Erpingham which led
 The Armie, sawe, the shourt had made them stand,
 Wafting his Warder thrice about his head,
 He cast it vp with his auspicious hand,
 Which was the signall through the English spread,
 That they should Charge : which as a dread command
 Made them rush on, yet with a second rore,
 Frighting the French worse then they did before.

But when they sawe the Enemie so slowe,
 Which they expected faster to come on,
 Some scattering Shot they sent out as to shewe,
 That their approach they onely stood vpon ;
 Which with more feroour made their rage to glowe,
 So much disgrace that they had vnder-gone.

Which to amend with Ensignes let at large,
 Vpon the English furiously they Charge.

At the full Moone looke how th'vnweldy Tide,
 Shou'd by some Tempest that from Sea doth rise
 At the full height, against the ragged side
 Of some rough Cliffe (of a Gigantick sise)
 Foming with rage impetuously doth ride ;
 The angry French (in no lesse furious wise)
 Of men at Armes vpon their ready Horse,
 Assayle the English to dispierce their force.

*A Simily of
the French
charging the
English.*

When as those Archers there in Ambush layde,
 Hauing their Broad side as they came along,
 With their barb'd Arrowes the French Horses payde :
 And in their flankes like cruell Hornets stong :
 They kick and crie, of late that proudly nayde :
 And from their seats their Armed Riders flong :
 They ranne together flying from the Dike,
 And make their Riders one another strike.

*The three hun-
dred Archers
layd in am-
bush, disorder
the French
men at Armes
at the first
encounter.*

And whilst the Front of the French Vanguard makes,
 Vpon the English thinking them to Route,
 Their Horses runne vpon the Armed stakes,
 And being wounded, turne themselues about :
 The Bit into his teeth the Courser takes,
 And from his Rank flyes with his Master out,
 Who either hurts or is hurt of his owne,
 If in the throng not both together throwne.

Tumbling on heapes, some of their Horses cast ✓
 With their soure feete all vp into the ayre :
 Vnder whose backs their Masters breath their last :
 Some breake their Raynes, and thence their Riders
 Some with their feete stick in the Stirups fast, [beare :
 By their fierce Iades, are trayled here and there :
 Entangled in their Bridles, one back drawes,
 And pluckes the Bit out of anotheris iawes.

With showers of Shafts yet still the English ply
 The French so fast, vpon the point of flight :
 With the mayne Battell yet stood Henry by,
 Not all this while had medled' in the Fight,
 Vpon the Horses as in Chase they flye,
 Arrowes so thick, in such abounding light,
 That their broad buttocks men like Butts might see,
 Wherat for pastime Bow-men shooting be.

When soone De Linnies and Sureres hast,
 To ayde their friends put to this shamefull foyle,
 With two light wings of Horse which had beene plac't,
 Still to supply where any should recoyle :
 But yet their Forces they but vainely waste,
 For being light, into the generall spoyle.
 Great losse De Linnies shortly doth sustaine,
 Yet scapes himselfe ; but braue Sureres slaine.

Two wings of French horse defeated.

The King who sees how well his Vanguard sped,
 Sends his command that instantly it stay,
 Desiring Yorke so brauely that had led,
 To hold his Souldiers in their first array,
 For it the Conflict very much might sted,
 Somewhat to fall aside, and giue him way,
 Till full vp to him he might bring his power,
 And make the Conquest compleate in an hower.

Which Yorke obayes, and vp King Henry comes,
When for his guidance he had got him roome.
The dreadfull bellowing of whose strait-brac'd
Drummes,

To the French sounded like the dreadfull doome,
And them with such stupidity benummes,
As though the earth had groaned from her wombe,
For the grand slaughter ne'r began till then,
Cowering the earth with multitudes of men.

Vpon the French what Englishman not falls, ✓
(By the strong Bowmen beaten from their Steeds)
With Battle-axes, Halberts, Bills, and Maules,
Where, in the slaughter euery one exceeds,
Where euery man, his fellow forward calls, [bleeds
And shows him where some great-born Frenchman
Whilst Scalps about like broken pot sherdys fly,
And kill, kill, kill, the Conquering English cry.

Now waxed horror to the very height, ✓
And scarce a man but wet-shod went in gore,
As two together are in deadly fight,
And to death wounded, as one tumbleth ore,
This Frenchman falling, with his very weight
Doth kill another stricken downe before,
As he againe so falling, likewise feeles
His last breath hastned by anothers heeles.

And whilst the English eagerly pursue
The fearefull French before them still that fly,
The points of Bills and Halbers they imbrue
In their sickle Bowels, beaten downe that lye,
No man respects how, or what blood he drew,
Nor can heare those that for their mercie cry.
Ears are damm'd vp with howles and hellish sounds
One fearefull noyse a fearefuller confounds.

*The English
Vaward and
maine Battaile
charge the
French both at
once.*

*Charles de la
Breth Con-
stable of
France.*

When the couragious Constable of France,
Th'vn lucky Vanguard valiantly that led,
Sawe the day turn'd by this disastrous chance,
And how the French before the English fled ;
O stay (quoth he) your Ensignes yet aduance,
Once more vpon the Enemy make head :

Neuer let France say, we were vanquisht so,
With our backs basely turn'd vpon our Foe.

The Admirall. Whom the Chatillyon hapned to accost,
And seeing thus the Constable dismayde :
Shift noble Lord (quoth he) the day is lost,
If the whole world vpon the match were layde,
I cannot thinke but that Black Edwards Ghost
Assists the English, and our Horse hath frayde ;
If not, some Diuels they haue with them then,
That fight against vs in the shapes of men.

Not I my Lord, the Constable replies :
By my blest soule, the Field I will not quit :
Whilst two braue Battailes are to bring supplies :
Neither of which one stroke haue stricken yet :
Nay (quoth Dampeir) I doe not this aduise
More then your selfe, that I doe feare a whit :
Spurre vp my Lord, then side to side with mee,
And that I feare not, you shall quickly see.

They struck their Rowells to the bleeding sides
Of their fierce Steeds into the ayre that spong :
And as their fury at that instant guides :
They thrust themselues into the murth'ring throng,
Where such bad fortune those braue Lords betides :

*The Admirall
slaine.* The Admirall from off his Horse was flong,
For the sterne English downe before them beere
All that withstand, the Pesant and the Peere.

Which when the noble Constable with griefe,
 Doth this great Lord vpon the ground behold ;
 In his account so absolute a Chiefe, [condol'd,
 Whose death through France he knew would be
 Like a braue Knight to yeeld his friend reliefe,
 Doing as much as possibly he could,

Both horse and man is borne into the mayne,
 And from his friend not halfe a furlong slayne.

*The Constable
 slaine.*

Now Willoughby vpon his well-Arm'd Horse, ✓
 Into the midst of this Battalion brought,
 And valiant Fanhope no whit lesse in force,
 Himselfe hath thither through the squadrons raught,
 Whereas the English without all remorse,
 (Looking like men that deeply were distraught)
 Smoking with sweat, besmear'd with dust and blood,
 Cut into Cantels all that them withstood.

Yet whilst thus hotely they hold vp the Chase
 Vpon the French, and had so high a hand :
 The Duke of Burbon to make good his place,
 Inforc'd his troupes (with much adoe) to stand,
 To whom the Earle of Suffolke makes a pace,
 Bringing a fresh, and yet-vnfought-with Band :
 Of valiant Bill-men, Oxford with successe,
 Vp with his Troupes doth with the other presse.

When in comes Orleance, quite thrust off before,
 By those rude crowdes that from the English ran,
 Encouraging stout Burbons Troupes the more,
 T'affront the Foe that instantly began :
 Faine would the Duke (if possible) restore,
 (Doing as much as could be done by man)
 Their Honour lost, by this their late Defeate,
 And caused onely, by their base Retreate.

Their men at Armes their Lances closely lock
 One in another, and come vp so round,
 That by the strength and horrour of the shock,
 They forc'd the English to forsake their ground,
 Shrinking no more then they had beene a Rock,
 Though by the Shafts receiuing many a wound,
 As they would shewe, that they were none of those,
 That turn'd their backs so basely to their Foes.

*The courage
 of Woodhouse
 remarkable.*

Panting for breath, his Murrian in his hand,
 Woodhouse comes in as back the English beare,
 My Lords (quoth he) what now inforc'd to stand,
 When smiling Fortune off'reth vs so faire,
 The French lye yonder like to wreakes of sand,
 And you by this our glory but impaire :
 Or now, or neuer, your first Fight maintaine,
 Chatillyon and the Constable are slaine.

Hand ouer head pell mell vpon them ronne,
 If you will proue the Masters of the day,
 Ferrers and Greystock haue so brauely done,
 That I enuie their glory, and dare say,
 From all the English, they the Gole haue woone ;
 Either let's share, or they'll beare all away.
 This spoke, his Ax about his head he flings,
 And hastes away, as though his heeles had wings.

The Incitation of this youthfull Knight,
 Besides amends for their Retrayte to make,
 Doth re-enforce their courage, with their might :
 A second Charge with speed to vndertake ;
 Neuer before were they so mad to fight,
 When valiant Fanhope thus the Lords bespake,
 Suffolke and Oxford as braue Earles you be,
 Once more beare vp with Willoughby and me.

Why now, me think'st I heare braue Fanhope speake,
 Quoth noble Oxford, thou hast thy desire :
 These words of thine shall yan Battalion breake :
 And for my selfe I neuer will retire,
 Vntill our Teene vpon the French we wreake :
 Or in this our last enterprise expire :

This spoke, their Gauntlets each doth other giue,
 And to the Charge as fast as they could driue.

That slaughter seem'd to haue but stay'd for breath,
 To make the horrour to ensue the more :
 With hands besmear'd with blood, when meager Death
 Looketh more grisly then he did before :
 So that each body seem'd but as a sheath
 To put their swords in, to the Hilts in gore :
 As though that instant were the end of all,
 To fell the French, or by the French to fall.

Looke how you see a field of standing Corne, *v*
 When some strong winde in Summer haps to blowe,
 At the full height, and ready to be shorne,
 Rising in waues, how it doth come and goe
 Forward and backward, so the crowds are borne,
 Or as the Edie turneth in the flowe :
 And aboue all the Bills and Axes play,
 As doe the Attoms in the Sunny ray.

*A Simily of
the apparaunce
of the Battell.*

Now with mayne blowes their Armours are vnbras'd,
 And as the French before the English fled,
 With their browne Bills their recreant backs they baste,
 And from their shoulders their faint Armes doe shred,
 One with a gleave neere cut off by the waste,
 Another runnes to ground with halfe a head :
 Another stumbling falleth in his flight,
 Wanting a legge, and on his face doth light.

The Dukes who found their force thus ouerthrowne,
 And those fewe left them ready still to route,
 Hauing great skill, and no lesse courage showne ;
 Yet of their safeties much began to doubt,
 For hauing fewe about them of their owne,
 And by the English so impal'd about,
 Saw that to some one they themselues must yeeld,
 Or else abide the fury of the field.

The Duke of Bourbon and Orleance taken prisoners. They put themselues on those victorious Lords,
 Who led the Vanguard with so good successe,
 Bespeaking them with honourable words,
 Themselves their prisoners freely and confesse,
 Who by the strength of their commanding swords,
 Could hardly sauе them from the slaught'ring presse,
 By Suffolks ayde till they away were sent,
 Who with a Guard conuay'd them to his Tent.

When as their Souldiers to eschew the sack,
 Gainst their owne Battell bearing in their flight,
 By their owne French are strongly beaten back :
 Lest they their Ranks, should haue disord'red quight,
 So that those men at Armes goe all to wrack
 Twixt their owne friends, and those with whom they fight,
 Wherein disorder and destruction seem'd
 To striue, which should the powerfulest be deem'd.

Called of some Guiscard the Daulphine of Aragon. And whilst the Daulphine of Auerney cryes,
 Stay men at Armes, let Fortune doe her worst,
 And let that Villaine from the field that flyes
 By Babes yet to be borne, be euer curst :
 All vnder heauen that we can hope for, lyes
 On this dayes battell, let me be the first
 That turn'd yee back vpon your desperate Foes,
 To sauе our Honours, though our lyues we lose.

To whom comes in the Earle of Ewe, which long
 Had in the Battaile ranged here and there,
 A thousand Bills, a thousand Bowes among,
 And had seene many spectakles of feare,
 And finding yet the Daulphins spirit so strong,
 By that which he had chanst from him to heare,

Vpon the shoulder claps him, Prince quoth he,
 Since I must fall, ô let me fall with thee.

Scarse had he spoke, but th'English them inclose,
 And like to Mastiues fircely on them flew,
 Who with like Courage strongly them oppose,
 When the Lord Beamont, who their Armings knewe,
 Their present peril to braue Suffolke shewes,
 Quoth hee, Lo where Dauerny are and Ewe,

In this small time, who since the Field begun,
 Haue done as much, as can by men be done.

Now slaughter cease me, if I doe not greeue,
 Two so braue Spirits should be vntimely slaine,
 Lies there no way (my Lord) them to releue,
 And for their Ransomes two such to retaine :
 Quoth Suffolke, come weeble hazad their repreuee,
 And share our Fortunes, in they goe amaine,
 And with such danger through the presse they wade,
 As of their liues but small account they made.

Yet ere they through the clusted Crouds could get,
 Oft downe on those, trod there to death that lay,
 The valient Daulphin had discharg'd his debt,
 Then whom no man had brauelier seru'd that day.
 The Earle of Ewe, and wondrous hard beset :
 Had left all hope of life to scape away :
 Till noble Beamont and braue Suffolke came,
 And as their prisoner seas'd him by his name.

*The Daulphin
of Auerny
slaine.*

*The Earle of
Ewe taken
prisoner.*

Now the mayne Battaile of the French came on,
 The Vanward vanquisht, quite the Field doth flye,
 And other helpes besides this, haue they none :
 But that their hopes doe on their mayne relye,
 And therefore now it standeth them vpon,
 To fight it brauely, or else yeeld, or dye :

For the fierce English charge so home and sore,
 As in their hands Ioues thunderbolts they bore.

*The Duke of
Yorke slaine.*

The Duke of Yorke, who since the fight begun,
 Still in the top of all his Troopes was seene,
 And things wellneere beyond beleefe had done,
 Which of his Fortune, made him ouerweene,
 Himselfe so farre into the maine doth runne,
 So that the French which quickly got betweene
 Him and his succours, that great Chiefetaine slue,
 Who brauely fought whilst any breath he drew.

*The King
heareth of the
Duke of Yorke
death.*

The newes soone brought to this Couragious King,
 Orespred his face with a distempred Fire,
 Though making little shew of any thing,
 Yet to the full his eyes exprest his Ire,
 More then before the Frenchmen menacing ;
 And hee was heard thus softly to respire :
 Well, of thy blood reuenged will I bee,
 Or ere one houre be past Ile follow thee.

*The Kings
resolution.*

When as the frolike Caualry of France,
 That in the head of the maine Battaile came,
 Perceiu'd the King of England to aduance,
 To Charge in person ; It doth them inflame,
 Each one well hoping it might be his chance
 To sease vpon him, which was all their ayme,
 Then with the brauest of the English mett,
 Themselues that there before the King had sett.

When the Earle of Cornewal with vnusuall force,
 Encounters Grandpre (next that came to hand)
 In Strength his equall, blow for blow they scorche,
 Weelding their Axes as they had beene wands,
 Till the Earle tumbles Grandpre from his Horse
 Ouer whom straight the Count Salines stands,

And lendeth Cornwal such a blow withall,
 Ouer the Crupper that he makes him fall.

*The bloody
 scuffle betweene
 the French and
 English, at the
 Joyning of the
 two mayne
 Battailes, in
 ffeue Stanzas.*

Cornwal recouers, for his Armes were good,
 And to Salines maketh vp againe,
 Who changde such boysterous buffets, that the blood,
 Doth through the Ioints of their strong Armour straine,
 Till Count Salines sunck downe where he stood,
 Blamount who sees the Count Salines slaine,
 Straight copes with Cornwal beaten out of breath
 Till Kent comes in, and rescues him from death.

Kent vpon Blamount furiously doth flye, ✓
 Who at the Earle with no lesse courage struck,
 And one the other with such knocks they plye,
 That eithers Axe in th'others Helmet stuck ;
 Whilst they are wrastling, crossing thigh with thigh ;
 Their Axes pykes, which soonest out should pluck :
 They fall to ground like in their Casks to smother,
 With their clutcht Gauntlets cuffing one another.

Couragious Cluet grieued at the sight
 Of his friend Blamounts vnxpected fall,
 Makes in to lend him all the ayde he might ;
 Whose comming seem'd the stout Lord Scales to call,
 Betwixt whom then began a mortall fight,
 When instantly fell in Sir Phillip Hall,
 Gaint him goes Roussy, in then Louell ran,
 Whom next Count Moruyle chuseth as his man.

*Called Cluet
 of Brabant.*

Their Curates are vnriuettet with blowes, ✓
 With horrid wounds their breasts and faces slasht ;
 There drops a cheeke, and there falls off a nose :
 And in ones face his fellowes braines are dasht ;
 Yet still the Better with the English goes ;
 The earth of France with her owne blood is washt ;
 They fall so fast, she scarce affords them roome,
 That one mans Trunke becomes anothers Toombe.

The Earle of Suffolke chargeth the Earle of Huntingdon With breach of promise.

When Suffolk chargeth Huntingdon with sloth,
 Ouer himselfe too wary to haue bin,
 And had neglected his fast plighted troth
 Vpon the Field, the Battaile to begin,
 That where the one was, there they would be both ;
 When the stout Earle of Huntingdon, to win
 Trust with his friends ; doth this himselfe enlarge
 To this great Earle who dares him thus to charge.

My Lord (quoth he) it is not that I feare,
 More then your selfe, that so I haue not gone ;
 But that I haue beene forced to be neare
 The King, whose person I attend vpon,
 And that I doubt not but to make appeare
 Now, if occasion shall but call me on,
 Looke round about my Lord, if you can see,
 Some braue aduenture worthy you and me.

A desperate attempt by the Earle of Huntingdon.

See yan proud Banner, of the Duke of Barres,
 Me thinkst it wafts vs, and I heare it say,
 Wher's that couragious Englishman that darres,
 Aduenture, but to carry me away,
 This were a thing, now worthy of our warres ;
 I'st true, quoth Suffolke, by this blessed day,
 On, and weele haue it, sayst thou so indeed,
 Quoth Huntingdon, then Fortune be our speed.

And through the Ranckes then rushing in their pride,
 They make a Lane ; about them so they lay,
 Foote goes with foote, and side is ioynde to side,
 They strike downe all that stand within their way,
 And to direct them, haue no other guide,
 But as they see the multitude to sway ;

And as they passe, the French as to defie,
 Saint George for England and the King they cry.

By their examples, each braue English blood,
 Vpon the Frenchmen for their Ensignes runne,
 Thick there as trees within a well-growne wood ;
 Where great Atchiements instantly were done,
 Against them toughly whilst that Nation stood,
 But ô what man his destinie can shunne

That Noble Suffolke there is ouerthrowne,
 When he much valour sundry wayes hath showne.

*One braue ex-
 ploit begetteth
 another.*

*The Earle of
 Suffolke slaine.*

Which the proud English further doth prouoke,
 Who to destruction bodily were bent,
 That the maine Battaile instantly they broke,
 Vpon the French so furiously they went
 And not an English but doth scorne a stroake,
 If to the ground it not a Frenchman sent, [threw,
 Who weake with wounds, their weapons from them
 With which the English fearefully them slue.

*The English
 kill the French
 with their
 owne weapons.*

Alanzon backe vpon the Reareward borne,
 By those vnarm'd that from the English fled,
 All further hopes then vtterly forlorne,
 His Noble heart in his full Bosome bled ;
 What Fate, quoth he, our ouerthrowe hath sworne,
 Must France a Prisoner be to England led,
 Well, if she be so, yet Ile let her see,
 She beares my Carkasse with her, and not me.

And puts his Horse vpon his full Careere,
 When with the courage of a valiant Knight
 (As one that knew not, or forgot to feare)
 He tow'rs King Henry maketh in the fight,
 And all before him as he downe doth beare,
 Vpon the Duke of Gloucester doth light :

Which on the youthfull Chiualry doth bring,
 Scarce two Pykes length that came before the King.

*The Duke of Gloucester ouer-
 throwne by the Duke of Alanzon.* Their Staues both strongly riuettet with steele, ✓
 At the first stroke each other they astound,
 That as they staggering from each other reele ;
 The Duke of Gloster falleth to the ground :
 When as Alanzon round about doth wheele,
 Thinking to lend him his last deadly wound :
 In comes the King his Brothers life to saue
 And to this braue Duke, a fresh on-set gaue.

When as themselues like Thunderbolts they shot,
 One at the other, and the Lightning brake
 Out of their Helmets, and againe was not,
 E'r of their strokes, the eare a sound could take
 Betwixt them two, the Conflict grew so hot,
 Which those about them so amaz'd doth make,
 That they stood still as wondring at the sight,
 And quite forgot that they themselues must fight.

The King of England in danger to be slain, by the Duke of Alanzon. Vpon the King Alanzon prest so sore, ✓
 That with a stroke (as he was wondrous strong)
 He cleft the Crowne that on his Helme he wore,
 And tore his Plume that to his heeles it hong :
 Then with a second brus'd his Helme before,
 That it his forehead pittifullly wroong :
 As some that sawe it certainly had thought,
 The King therewith had to the ground beene brought.

But Henry soone Alanzons Ire to quit,
 (As now his valour lay vpon the Rack)
 Vpon the face the Duke so strongly hit,
 As in his Saddle layde him on his back,
 And once perceiuing that he had him split,
 Follow'd his blowes, redoubling thwack on thwack :
 Till he had lost his Stirups, and his head
 Hung where his Horse was like thereon to tread.

*Alanzon beaten
 downe by the
 King of
 England.*

When soone two other seconding their Lord,
 His kind Companions in this glorious prize,
 Hoping againe the Duke to haue restor'd,
 If to his feet his Armes would let him rise :
 On the Kings Helme their height of fury scor'd ;
 Who like a Dragon fiercely on them flies,
 And on his body slew them both, whilst he
 Recouering was their ayde againe to be.

*The King
 killeth two
 Gentlemen
 that aduenture
 to rescue the
 Duke.*

The King thus made the Master of the Fight :
 The Duke calls to him as he there doth lye :
 Henry I'le pay my Ransome, doe me right :
 I am the Duke Alanzon ; it is I.
 The King to sane him putting all his might,
 Yet the rude Souldiers, with their shewt and crie,
 Quite drown'd his voyce, his Helmet being shut,
 And that braue Duke into small peeces cut.

*The Duke of
 Alanzon
 slaine.*

Report once spred, through the distracted Host,
 Of their prime hope, the Duke Alanzon slayne :
 That flower of France, on whom they trusted most :
 They found their valour was but then in vayne :
 Like men their hearts that vtterly had lost,
 Who slowly fled before, now ranne amayne.
 Nor could a man be found, but that dispaires
 Seeing the Fate both of themselues and theirs.

*The Duke
Neuers taken
prisoner.*

The Duke Neuers, now in this sad retreat,
By Daud Gam and Morisby persude,
(Who throughly chaf'd, neere melted into sweat,
And with French blood their Poleaxes imbrud)
They sease vpon him following the defeate,
Amongst the faint, and fearefull multitude ;

When a contention fell betweene them twaine,
To whom the Duke should rightfully pertaine.

*Morisby and
Gam at conten-
tion for the
Duke of
Neuers.*

I must confesse thou hadst him first in chase,
Quoth Morrisby ; but lefts him in the throng,
Then put I on ; quoth Gam, hast thou the face,
Insulting Knight, to offer me this wrong ;
Quoth Morrisby, who shall decide the case,
Let him confesse to whom he doth belong ;
Let him (quoth Gam) but if't be not to me,
For any right you haue, he may goe free.

*Morisby a
braue young
Knight.*

With that couragious Morrisby grew hot,
Were not said he his Ransome worth a pin,
Now by these Armes I weare thou gett'st him not :
Or if thou do'st, thou shalt him hardly win ;
Gam whose Welch blood could hardly brooke this blot,
To bend his Axe vpon him doth begin :
He his at him, till the Lord Beamount came
Their rash attempt, and wisely thus doth blame.

*Daud Gam
oft mentioned
in this Poem.*

Are not the French twice trebl'd to our power,
And fighting still, nay, doubtfull yet the day :
Thinke you not these vs fast enough deuoure :
But that your braues the Army must dismay :
If ought but good befall vs in this howre :
This be you sure your lyues for it must pay :
Then first the end of this dayes Battaile see,
And then decide whose prisoner he shall be.

Now Excester with his vntaynted Reare
 Came on, which long had labour'd to come in :
 And with the Kings mayne Battell vp doth beare ;
 Who still kept off, till the last houre had bin :
 He cryes and clamours eu'ry way doth heare :
 But yet he knew not which the day should win :
 Nor askes of any what were fit to doe,
 But where the French were thick'st, he falleth to.

*The Duke of
 Excester
 cometh in with
 the Reare.*

The Earle of Vandom certainly that thought,
 The English fury somewhat had beene stayde :
 Weary with slaughter as men ouer-wrought,
 Nor had beene spurr'd on by a second ayde :
 For his owne safety, then more fiercely fought,
 Hoping the tempest somewhat had been layde :
 And he thereby (though suff'ring the defeate,)
 Might keep his Reareward whole in his Retreate.

On whom the Duke of Excester then fell, ✓
 Reare with the Reare now for their Valours vy,
 Ours finde the French their lyues will dearely sell ;
 And th'English meane as dearely them to buy :
 The English follow, should they runne through hell,
 And through the same the French must, if they flye,
 When too't they goe, deciding it with blowes,
 With th'one side now, then with th'other't goes.

But the sterne English with such luck and might, ✓
 (As though the Fates had sworne to take their parts)
 Vpon the French preuailing in the Fight,
 With doubled hands, and with re-doubled harts,
 The more in perill still the more in plight,
 Gainst them whom Fortune miserably thwarts :
 Disabled quite before the Foe to stand,
 But fall like grasse before the Mowers hand.

*The Earle of
Vandome
slaine.*

That this French Earle is beaten on the Field,
His fighting Souldiers round about him slaine ;
And when himselfe a Prisoner he would yeeld,
And beg'd for life, it was but all in vain ;
Their Bills the English doe so easely weeld
To kill the French, as though it were no paine ;
For this to them was their auspicious day,
The more the English fight, the more they may.

When now the Marshall Boucequalt, which long
Had through the Battaile waded eu'ry way,
Oft hazarded the murther'd Troupes among,
Encouraging them to abide the day :
Finding the Army that he thought so strong,
Before the English faintly to dismay,
Brings on the wings which of the rest remain'd,
With which the Battaile stoutly he maintain'd.

*Sir Thomas
Erpingham
getteth in with
his three hun-
dred Archers.*

Till olde Sir Thomas Erpingham at last,
With those three hundred Archers commeth in,
Which layd in ambush not three houres yet past ;
Had the Defeat of the French Army bin,
With these that noble Souldier maketh hast,
Lest other from him should the honour win :
Who as before now stretch their well-wax'd strings,
At the French Horse then comming in the wings.

The soyle with slaughter eu'ry where they load, ✓
Whilst the French stoutly to the English stood,
The drops from eithers emptied veynes that flow'd,
Where it was lately firme had made a flood :
But heau'n that day to the braue English ow'd ;
The Sunne that rose in water, set in blood : ✓
Nothing but horrour to be look'd for there,
And the stout Marshall vainely doth but feare.

His Horse sore wounded whilst he went aside,
 To take another still that doth attend,
 A shaft which some too-lucky hand doth guide,
 Peircing his Gorget brought him to his end ;
 Which when the proud Lord Falkonbridge espide,
 Thinking from thence to beare away his friend,
 Strucke from his Horse, with many a mortall wound,
 Is by the English nayled to the ground.

*The Marshall
of France
slaine.*

The Marshalls death so much doth them affright,
 That downe their weapons instantly they lay,
 And better yet to fit them for their flight,
 Their weightier Armes, they wholly cast away,
 Their hearts so heauy, makes their heeles so light,
 That there was no intreating them to stay,
 Ore hedge and ditch distractedly they take,
 And happiest he, that greatest haste could make.

*Count Vada-
mount.*

When Vadamount now in the Conflict mett,
 With valient Brabant, whose high valour showne
 That day, did many a blunted Courage whett,
 Else long before that from the Field had flowne,
 Quoth Vadamount, see how we are besett,
 To death like to be troden by our owne,
 My Lord of Brabant, what is to be done ?
 See how the French before the English runne.

*The Duke of
Brabant a
most coura-
gious Prince.*

Why, let them runne and neuer turne the head, •
 Quoth the braue Duke, vntill their hatefull breath
 Forsake their Bodies, and so farre haue fled,
 That France be not disparadg'd by their death :
 Who trusts to Cowards ne'r is better sped,
 Be he accurst, with such that holdeth faith,
 Slaughter consume the Recreants as they flye,
 Branded with shame, so basely may they dye.

*A bitter exclama-
tion of the
Duke of
Brabant
against the
French.*

Ignoble French, your fainting Cowardize craues
 The dreadfull curse of your owne Mother earth,
 Hardning her breast, not to allow you graues,
 Be she so much ashamed of your birth ;
 May he be curst that one of you but saues,
 And be in France hereafter such a dearth
 Of Courage, that men from their wits it feare,
 A Drumme, or Trumpet when they hap to heare.

*Anthony Duke
 of Brabant,
 sonne to the
 Duke of
 Burgundy.* From Burgundy brought I the force I had,
 To fight for them, that ten from one doe flye ;
 It splits my breast, O that I could be mad ;
 To vexe these Slaues who would not dare to dye :
 In all this Army is there not a Lad,
 Th'ignoble French for Cowards that dare crye :
 If scarce one found, then let me be that one,
 The English Army that oppos'd alone.

This said, he puts his Horse vpon his speed,
 And in, like lightning on the English flewe :
 Where many a Mothers sonne he made to bleed,
 Whilst him with much astonishment they viewe :
 Where hauing acted many a Knight-like deed,
 Him and his Horse they all to peeces hewe :
 Yet he that day more lasting glory wan,
 Except Alanzon then did any man.

When as report to great King Henry came,
 Of a vast Route which from the Battaile fled,
 (Amongst the French most men of speciall name)
 By the stout English fiercely followed ;
 Had for their safety, (much though to their shame)
 Got in their flight into so strong a sted,
 So fortifi'd by nature (as 'twas thought) [brought.
*Many of the
 French in their
 flight get into
 an old Fort.* They might not thence, but with much blood be

An aged Rampire, with huge Ruines heapt,
 Which seru'd for Shot, gainst those that should assayle,
 Whose narrow entrance they with Crosbowes kept,
 Whose sharpned quarres came in show'rs like hayle :
 Quoth the braue King, first let the field be swept,
 And with the rest we well enough shall deale ;

*The Kings
slight answer.*

Which though some heard, and so shut vp their eare,
 Yet relish'd not with many Souldiers there.

Some that themselues by Ransomes would enrich,
 (To make their pray of Pesants yet dispise)
 Felt as they thought their bloody palmes to itch,
 To be in action for their wealthy prize :
 Others whom onely glory doth bewitch,
 Rather then life would to this enterprize :

Most men seem'd willing, yet not any one
 Would put himselfe this great exploit vpon.

Which Woodhouse hearing meerly thus spake,
 (One that right well knew, both his worth and wit)
 A dangerous thing it is to vndertake
 A Fort, where Souldiers be defending it,
 Perhaps they sleepe, and if they should awake,
 With stones, or with their shafts they may vs hitt,
 And in our Conquest whilst so well we fare,
 It were meere folly, but I see none dare.

*Woodhouse
ieereth at the
attempt.*

Which Gam o'r hearing (being neere at hand)
 Not dare quoth he, and angerly doth frowne,
 I tell thee Woodhouse, some in presence stand,
 Dare propp the Sunne if it were falling downe,
 Dare graspe the bolt from Thunder in his hand,
 And through a Cannon leape into a Towne ;
 I tell thee, a resolued man may doe
 Things, that thy thoughts, yet neuer mounted to.

*Braues passe
between Gam
and Wood-
house.*

I know that resolution may doe much,
 Woodhouse replies, but who could act my thought,
 With his proud head the Pole might easely tuch,
 And Gam quoth he, though brauely thou hast fought,
 Yet not the fame thou hast attain'd too, such,
 But that behind, as great is to be bought,

And yonder tis, then Gam come vp with me,
 Where soone the King our Courages shall see.

Agreed quoth Gam, and vp their Troopes they call,
 Hand ouer head, and on the French they ran,
 And to the fight couragiously they fall,
 When on both sides the slaughter soone began ;
 Fortune awhile indifferent is to all,
 These what they may, and those doe what they can.

Woodhouse and Gam, vpon each other vye,
 By Armes their manhood desperately to try.

To clime the Fort the Light-Arm'd English striue,
 And some by Trees there growing to ascend ;
 The French with Flints let at the English drieue,
 Themselves with Shields the Englishmen defend,
 And faine the Fort downe with their hands would riuue :
 Thus either side their vtmost power extend,
 Till valiant Gam sore wounded, drawne aside
 By his owne Souldiers, shortly after dy'de.

Then take they vp the bodies of the slaine,
 Which for their Targets ours before them beare,
 And with a fresh assault come on againe ;
 Scarce in the Field yet, such a fight as there,
 Crosse-bowes, and Long-bowes at it are amaine,
 Vntil the French their massacre that feare,
 Of the fierce English, a cessation craue,
 Offring to yeeld, so they their liues would sauue.

*Captaine Gam
slaine.*

*For this ser-
vice done by
Woodhouse,
there was an
addition of
honour giuen
him : which
was a hand
holding a
Club: with
the word
Frappe Fort,
which is
born by the
Family of the
Woodhouse of
Norfolke, to
this day.*

Lewis of Burbon in the furious heat
 Of this great Battaile, hauing made some stay,
 Who with the left wing suffered a defeate,
 In the beginning of this lucklesse day,
 Finding the English forcing their retreat,
 And that much hope vpon his valour lay,
 Fearing lest he might vndergoe some shame,
 That were vnworthy of the Burbon name.

Hath gathered vp some scattred Troopes of Horse,
 That in the Field stood doubtfull what to doe ;
 Though with much toyle, which he doth reinforce
 With some small power that he doth add thereto,
 Proclaiming still the English had the worse,
 And now at last, with him if they would goe,
 He dares assure them Victory, if not
 The greatest fame that euer Souldiers gott.

And being wise, so Burbon to beguile
 The French, (preparing instantly to fly)
 Procures a Souldier, by a secret wile
 To come in swiftly and to craue supply,
 That if with Courage they would fight awhile,
 It certaine was the English all should dye,
 For that the King had offered them to yeeld,
 Finding his troopes to leaue him on the Field.

*A devise of
 Burbons to
 giue encourage-
 ment to the
 French.*

When Arthur Earle of Richmount comming in,
 With the right wing that long staid out of sight,
 Hauing too lately with the English bin,
 But finding Burbon bent againe to fight,
 His former credit hoping yet to winn,
 (Which at that instant easily he might)
 Comes close vp with him, and puts on as fast,
 Brauely resolu'd to fight it to the last.

And both encourag'd by the newes was brought
 Of the ariuing of the Daulphins power ;
 Whose speedy Van, their Reare had almost raught,
 (From Agincourt discouer'd from a Tower)
 Which with the Norman Gallantry was fraught,
 And on the suddaine comming like a shower ;
 Would bring a deluge on the English Host,
 Whilst they yet stood their victory to boast.

*A simily of
the French.*

And one they come, as doth a rowling tide, ✓
 Forc'd by a winde, that shoues it forth so fast,
 Till it choke vp some chanell side to side,
 And the craz'd banks doth downe before it cast,
 Hoping the English would them not abide,
 Or would be so amazed at their hast,
 That should they faile to route them at their will,
 Yet of their blood, the fields should drinke their fill.

When as the English whose o'r-wearied Armes,
 Were with long slaughter lately waxed sore,
 These unexpected, and so fierce Alarmes,
 To their first strength doe instantly restore,
 And like a Stoue their stifned sinewes warmes,
 To act as brauely as they did before ;
 And the proud French as stoutly to oppose,
 Scorning to yeeld one foot despight of blowes.

The fight is fearefull, for stout Burbon brings
 His fresher forces on with such a shocke,
 That they were like to cut the Archers strings
 E're they their Arrowes hansomly could nock
 The French like Engines that were made with springs :
 Themselves so fast into the English lock,
 That th'one was like the other downe to beare,
 In wanting roomth to strike, they stooode so neare.

Still staggering long they from each other reel'd,
 Glad that themselues they so could disingage :
 And falling back vpon the spacious field
 (For this last Sceane, that is the bloody Stage)
 Where they their Weapons liberally could weeld,
 They with such madnesse execute their rage ;

As though the former fury of the day,
 To this encounter had but beene a play.

Slaughter is now desected to the full,
 Here from their backs their batter'd Armours fall,
 Here a sleft shoulder, there a clouen scull,
 There hang his eyes out beaten with a mall,
 Vntill the edges of their Bills growe dull,
 Vpon each other they so spend their gall,
 Wilde showtes and clamors all the ayre doe fill,
 The French cry *tue*, and the English kill.

The Duke of Barre in this waste spoyle by chance ;
 With the Lord Saint-Iohn on the Field doth meete,
 Towards whom that braue Duke doth himselfe aduance,
 Who with the like encounter him doth greete :
 This English Barron, and this Peere of France,
 Grapling together, falling from their feete, [crusht,
 With the rude crowdes had both to death beene
 In for their safety, had their friends not rusht.

Both againe rais'd, and both their Souldiers shift,
 To sauе their lyues if any way they could :
 But as the French the Duke away would lift,
 Vpon his Armes the English taking hould,
 (Men of that sort, that thought vpon their thrift)
 Knowing his Ransome dearely would be sould :
 Dragge him away in spight of their defence,
 Which to their Quarter would haue borne him thence.

Meane while braue Bourbon from his stirring Horse,
Gall'd with an Arrow to the earth is throwne;

*Lewes of Bur
bon taken
prisoner by a
meane
Souldier.*

By a meane Souldier seased on by force,
Hoping to haue him certainly his owne,
Which this Lord holdeth better so then worse :
Since the French fortune to that ebbe is growne,

And he perceiues the Souldier doth deeme,
To be a person of no meane esteeme.

Berckley and Burnell, two braue English Lords,
Flesht with French blood, and in their Valours pride,
Aboue their Arm'd heads brandishing their swords,
As they tryumphing through the Army ride,
Finding what prizes Fortune here affords
To eu'ry Souldier, and more wistly eyde
This gallant prisoner, by his Arming see,
Of the great Burbon family to be.

And from the Souldier they his Prisoner take,
Of which the French Lord seemeth wondrous faine
Thereby his safety more secure to make :
Which when the Souldier findes his hopes in vaine,
So rich a Booty forced to forsake,
To put himselfe, and prisoner out of paine :
He on the suddaine stabs him, and doth sweare,
Would th'au'e his Ransome, they should take it there.

*Lewes of Bur
bon stabd by
the Souldier
that took him
prisoner.*

When Rosse and Morley making in amaine,
Bring the Lord Darcy vp with them along,
Whose Horse had lately vnder him beene slaine ;
And they on foote found fighting in the throng,
Those Lords his friends remounting him againe,
Being a man that valiant was and strong :
They altogether with a generall hand,
Charge on the French that they could finde to stand.

And yet but vainely as the French suppos'd,
 For th'Earle of Richmount forth such earth had found,
 That one two sides with quick-set was enclos'd,
 And the way to it by a rising ground,
 By which a while the English were oppos'd,
 At euery Charge which else came vp so round,
 As that except the passage put them by,
 The French as well might leauie their Armes and flye.

Vpon both parts it furiously is fought,
 And with such quicknesse riseth to that hight,
 That horror neede no further to be sought :
 If onely that might satisfie the sight,
 Who would haue fame full dearely here it bought,
 For it was sold by measure and by waight,
 And at one rate the price still certaine stood,
 An ounce of honour cost a pound of blood.

When so it hapt that Dampier in the Van,
 Meetes with stout Darcy, but whilst him he prest,
 Ouer and ouer commeth horse and man,
 Of whom the other soone himselfe possest :
 When as Sauesses vpon Darcy ran
 To ayde Dampier, but as he him adrest ;
 A Halbert taking hold vpon his Greaues,
 Him from his Saddle violently heaues.

*The Lords
 Dampier and
 Sauesses taken
 prisoners.*

When soone fие hundred Englishmen at Armes,
 That to the French had giuen many a chase ;
 And when they couered all the Field with swarmes ;
 Yet oft that day had brauely bid them base :
 Now at the last by raising fresh Alarmes ;
 And comming vp with an vnusuall pace,
 Made them to knowe, that they must runne or yeeld,
 Neuer till now the English had the Field.

*Arthur Earl
of Richmount
taken prisoner.* Where Arthur Earle of Richmount beaten downe,
Is left (suppos'd of eu'ry one for dead)

But afterwards awaking from his swoone,
By some that found him, was recouered :

*The Count du
Marle slaine.* So Count Du Marle was likewise ouerthrowne :
As he was turning meaning to haue fled,

Who fights, the colde blade in his bosome feeles,
Who flyes, still heares it whisking at his heelles.

Till all disrank'd, like seely Sheepe they runne,
By threats nor prayers, to be constrain'd to stay ;
For that their hearts were so extreamely done,
That fainting oft they fall vpon the way :
Or when they might a present perill shunne,
They rush vpon it by their much dismay,

That from the English should they safely flye,
Of their owne very feare, yet they should dye.

Some they take prisoners, other some they kill,
As they affect those vpon whom they fall :
For they as Victors may doe what they will :
For who this Conqueror to account dare call,
In gore the English seeme their soules to swill,
And the dejected French must suffer all ;

Flight, cords, and slaughter, are the onely three,
To which themselues subiectedy doe see.

*The misery of
the French.* A shoolesse Souldier there a man might meete, ✓✓
Leading his Mounsier by the armes fast bound :
Another, his had shackled by the feete ;
Who like a Cripple shuffled on the ground ;
Another three or foure before him beete,
Like harmefull Chattell driuen to a pound ;
They must abide it, so the Victor will,
Who at his pleasure may, or saue, or kill.

That braue French Gallant, when the fight began,
 Who lease of Lackies ambled by his side,
 Himselfe a Lacky now most basely ran,
 Whilst a rag'd Souldier on his Horse doth ride,
 That Rascall is no lesse then at his man,
 Who was but lately to his Luggadge tide ;

And the French Lord now courtsies to that slae,
 Who the last day his Almes was like to craue.

And those few English wounded in the fight,
 They force the French to bring with them away,
 Who when they were depressed with the weight,
 Yet dar'd not once their burthen downe to lay,
 Those in the morne, whose hopes were at their height,
 Are fallne thus lowe ere the departing day ;
 With pickes of Halberts prickt in steed of goads,
 Like tyred Horses labouring with their Loads.

*The French
forced to beare
the wounded
English on
their backs.*

But as the English from the Field returne,
 Some of those French who when the Fight began,
 Forsooke their friends, and hoping yet to earne,
 Pardon, for that so cowardly they ran,
 Assay the English Carridges to burne,
 Which to defend them scarsely had a man ;
 For that their keepers to the field were got,
 To picke such spoyles, as chance should them alott.

The Captaines of this Rascall cowardly Route,
 Were Isambert of Agincourt at hand,
 Riflant of Clunasse a Dorpe there about,
 And for the Chiefe in this their base command,
 Was Robinett of Burnivile ; throughout
 The Countrie knowne, all order to withstand,
 These with fие hundred Peasants they had rais'd
 The English Tents, vpon an instant seas'd.

*A crew of
rascall French
rifle the King
of Englands
Tents.*

For setting on those with the Luggadge left,
 A few poore Sutlers with the Campe that went,
 They basely fell to pillage and to theft,
 And hauing rifled euery Booth and Tent,
 Some of the sillyest they of life bereft,
 The feare of which, some of the other sent,
 Into the Army, with their suddaine cries,
 Which put the King in feare of fresh supplies.

*The French
prisoners more
in number
than the
English
Souldiers.*

For that his Souldiers tyred in the fight,
 Their Prisoners more in number then they were,
 He thought it for a thing of too much weight,
 T'oppose freshe forces, and to guard them there.
 The Daulphins Powers, yet standing in their sight,
 And Burbons Forces of the field not cleere.

These yearning cryes, that from the Caridge came,
 His bloud yet hott, more highly doth inflame

And in his rage he instantly commands,
 That euery English should his prisoner kill,
 Except some fewe in some great Captaines hands
 Whose Ransomes might his emptyed Cofers fill,
 Alls one whose loose, or who is nowe in bonds,
 Both must one way, it is the Conquerers will. [free
 Those who late thought, small Ransoms them might
 Saw onely death their Ransomes now must be.

*The English
kill their
prisoners.*

Accursed French, and could it not suffize, ✓
 That ye but now bath'd in your natvie gore ;
 But yee must thus infortunately rise,
 To drawe more plagues vpon yee then before,
 And against your selfe more mischeife to diuise,
 Then th'English could haue, and set wide the dore.
 To vtter ruine, and to make an end
 Of that your selues, which others would not spend.

Their vtmost rage the English now had breath'd,
 And their proud heartes gan somewhat to relent,
 Their bloody swords they quietly had sheath'd,
 And their strong bowes already were vnbent,
 To easfull rest their bodies they bequeath'd,
 Nor farther harme at all to you they ment,

And to that paynes must yee them needslly putt,
 To draw their kniues once more your throats to cutt.

*The French
cause of their
own massechre.*

That French who lately by the English stood,
 And freely ask'd what ransome he should pay,
 Whoe somwhat coold, and in a calmer moodie,
 Agreed with him both of the some and day,
 Nowe findes his flesh must be the present foode,
 For wolues and Rauens, for the same that stay.

And sees his blood on th'others sword to flowe,
 E'r his quicke sense could apprehend the blowe.

*A discriptyon
of the
Massachre in
the fourre
following
stanzas.*

Whilst one is asking what the bus'nesse is,
 Hearing (in French) his Country-man to crye :
 He who detaines him prisoner, answers this :
 Mounsier, the King commands that you must dye ;
 This is plaine English, whilst he's killing his :
 He sees another on a French man flye,
 And with a Poleax pasheth out his braines,
 Whilst he's demanding what the Garboyle meanes.

That tender heart whose chance it was to haue,
 Some one, that day who did much valour shewe,
 Who might perhaps haue had him for his Slaue :
 But equall Lots had Fate pleas'd to bestowe :
 He who his prisoner willingly would sauе,
 Lastly constrain'd to giue the deadly blowe
 That sends him downe to euerlasting sleepe :
 Turning his face, full bitterly doth weepe.

Ten thousand French that inwardly were well,
 Saue some light hurts that any man might heale :
 Euen at an instant, in a minute fell,
 And their owne friends their deathes to them to deale.
 Yet of so many, very fewe could tell,
 Nor could the English perfectly reueale,
 The desperate cause of this disastrous hap,
 That euen as Thunder kill'd them with a clap.

How happy were those in the very hight,
 Of this great Battaile, that had brauely dyde,
 When as their boyling bosomes in the fight,
 Felt not the sharpe steele thorough them to slide :
 But these now in a miserable plight,
 Must in cold blood this massacre abide,
 Caus'd by those Villaines (curst aliue and dead,)
 That from the field the passed morning fled.

When as the King to Crowne this glorious day,
 Now bids his Souldiers after all this toyle,
 (No forces found that more might them dismay)
 Of the dead French to take the gen'rall spoyle,
 Whose heapes had well neere stopt vp eu'ry way ;
 For eu'n as Clods they cou'red all the soyle,
 Commanding none should any one controle,
 Catch that catch might, but each man to his dole.

They fall to groping busily for gold, ✓
 Of which about them the slaine French had store,
 They finde as much as well their hands can hold,
 Who had but siluer, him they counted poore,
 Scarfes, Chaines, and Bracelets, were not to be told,
 So rich as these no Souldiers were before ;
 Who got a Ring would scarsly put it on,
 Except therein there were some Radiant stone.

Out of rich sutes the Noblest French they strip,
And leaue their Bodies naked on the ground,
And each one fills his Knapsack or his Scrip ;
With some rare thing that on the Field is found :
About his bus'nesse he doth nimbly skip,
That had vpon him many a cruell wound :
And where they found a French not out-right slaine,
They him a prisoner constantly retaine.

Who scarce a Shirt had but the day before,
Nor a whole Stocking to keepe out the cold,
Hath a whole Wardrop (at command in store)
In the French fashion flaunting it in gold,
And in the Tauerne, in his Cups doth rore,
Chocking his Crownes, and growes thereby so bold,
That proudly he a Captaines name assumes,
In his gilt Gorget with his tossing Plumes.

Waggons and Carts are laden till they crackt,
With Armes and Tents there taken in the Field ;
For want of carridge on whose tops are packt,
Ensignes, Coat-Armours, Targets, Speares, and Shields :
Nor neede they conuoy, fearing to be sackt ;
For all the Country to King Henry yelds,
And the poore Pesant helps along to beare,
What late the goods of his proud Landlord were.

A Horse well furnisht for a present Warre :
For a French Crowne might any where be bought,
But if so be that he had any scarre,
Though ne'r so small, he valew'd was at naught ;
With spoyles so sated the proud English are ;
Amongst the slaine, that who for pillage sought,
Except some rich Caparizon he found,
For a steele Saddle would not stoupe to ground.

And many a hundred beaten downe that were,
Whose wounds were mortall, others wondrous deepe,
When as the English ouer-past they heare :
And no man left a Watch on them to keepe,
Into the Bushes, and the Ditches neare,
Vpon their weake hands and their knees doe creepe :
But for their hurts tooke ayre, and were vndrest,
They were found dead, and buried with the rest.

Thus when the King sawe that the Coast was clear'd,
And of the French who were not slaine were fled : *y'*
Nor in the Field not any then appear'd,
That had the power againe to make a head :
This Conquerour exceedingly is cheer'd,
Thanking his God that he so well had sped,
And so tow'rds Callice brauely marching on,
Leaueth sad France her losses to bemoane.

FINIS.

TO MY FRINDS THE CAMBER-
BRITANS AND THEYR HARP.

TO MY FRINDS THE CAMBER-BRITANS
AND THEYR HARP.

FAYRE stood the winde for France,
When we our sailes aduance,
Nor now to proue our chance
 Longer not tarry,
But put vnto the mayne :
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his warlike trayne
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a forte,
Furnish'd in warlike sorte,
Comming toward Agincourte
 (In happy houre)
Skermishing day by day
With those oppose his way,
Whereas the Genrall laye
 With all his powre.

Which in his height of pride,
As Henry to deride,
His ransome to prouide
 Vnto him sending ;

Which he neglects the while,
 As from a nation vyle,
 Yet with an angry smile
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
 Quoth famous Henry then,
 Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazed :
 Yet haue we well begun ;
 Battailes so brauely wonne
 Euermore to the sonne
 By fame are raysed.

And for my selfe, (quoth hee)
 This my full rest shall bee,
 England nere mourne for me,
 Nor more esteeme me :
 Victor I will remaine,
 Or on this earth be slaine ;
 Neuer shall she sustaine
 Losse to redeeme me.

Poiters and Cressy tell,
 When moste their pride did swell,
 Vnder our swords they fell :
 Ne lesse our skill is,
 Then when our grandsyre greate,
 Claiming the regall seate,
 In many a warlike feate
 Lop'd the French lillies. ✓

The Duke of Yorke soe dread
 The eager vaward led ;
 With the maine Henry sped
 Amongst his hench men.

Excester had the rear,
 A brauer man not there.
 And now preparing were
 For the false Frenchmen
 And ready to be gone.
 Armour on armour shone,
 Drum vnto drum did grone,
 To hear was woonder ;
 That with the cries they make
 The very earth did shake :
 Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.
 Well it thine age became,
 O, noble Erpingham !
 That didst the signall frame
 Vnto the forces ;
 When from a medow by,
 Like a storme, sodainely
 The English archery
 Stuck the French horses.
 The Spanish vghe so strong,
 Arrowes a cloth-yard long,
 That like to serpents stoong,
 Piercing the wether :
 None from his death now starts,
 But playing manly parts,
 And like true English harts
 Stuck close together.
 When down theyr bowes they threw,
 And foorth theyr bilbowes drewe,
 And on the French they flew,
 No man was tardy.

Arms from the shoulders sent,
Scalpes to the teeth were rent ;
Downe the French pesants went
These were men hardye.

When now that noble King,
His broade sword brandishing,
Into the hoast did fling,
As to or'whelme it ;
Who many a deep wound lent,
His armes with blood besprent,
And many a cruell dent
Brused his helmett.

Glo'ster that Duke so good,
Next of the royall blood,
For famous England stood
With his braue brother :
Clarence in steele most bright,
That yet a maiden knighte,
Yet in this furious fighte
Scarce such an other.

Warwick in bloode did wade,
Oxford the foes inuade,
And cruel slaughter made
Still as they ran vp :
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtyly,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

On happy Cryspin day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry.

O ! when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed agen
Such a King Harry ?

ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

PAGE 14, l. 3. "*Monarchesse.*"—This stately word ought to be revived; it is fully as legitimate as *abbess*.

PAGE 14, l. 9. "*A Parliament is calld.*"—It met at Leicester on April 30th, 1414. Negotiations for a treaty with France had been opened on January 21st preceding. "The first indication of a claim to the crown of France," says Sir Harris Nicolas ("History of the Battle of Agincourt"), "is a commission to the Bishop of Durham and others, dated on the 31st of May, 1414, by which they were instructed to negotiate the restitution of such of their sovereign's rights as were withheld by Charles."

PAGE 14, l. 17. "*In which one Bill (mongst many) there was red.*"—"Many petitions moved," says Holinshed, "were for that time deferred · amongst whyche one was that a bill exhibited in the Parliament holden at Westminstre in the eleventh year of King Henry the fourth, might now with good deliberation be pondered, and brought to some good conclusion. The effect of which supplication was that the temporall landes devoutly given, and disordinately spent by religious and other spirituall persons, should be seased into the Kyngs hands, sithence the same might suffice to maintayne to the honor of the King and defence of the realme fifteene Erles, fifteene C. Knightes, six M. two Esquiers, and a C. almes houses for relieve only of the poor, impotente, and needie persones, and the King to have cleerely to his cofers twentie M. poundes." Shakespeare ("Henry V.", act i., sc. 1) versifies this passage with the remarkable deviation of making the surplus remaining to

the Crown one thousand pounds instead of twenty thousand pounds.

PAGE 14, l. 23. "*Which made those Church-men generally to feare?*"—

"Cant. If it pass against us
We lose the better half of our possession.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.'

Henry V., act i., sc. 1.

Though Henry did not touch the property of the English Church, he appropriated the revenues of one hundred and ten priories held by aliens, and made no restitution.

PAGE 15, l. 32. "*Thus frames his speech?*"—"There is no record of any speech made by Chicheley at this parliament; we search for it in vain in the rolls of parliament, and in the history of the Privy Council."—Dean Hook, who adds in a note, "No notice would have been taken of what was meant by Hall for a display of his own rhetoric, if such splendid use of it had not been made by Shakespeare in the first scene of 'Henry V.'" Drayton's version of the speech departs almost entirely from that given by the chroniclers, who make Chicheley, as no doubt he would have done, dwell at great length upon Henry's alleged claim to the crown of France, and omit all topics unbefitting a man of peace. Drayton greatly curtails Chicheley's legal arguments, and makes him talk like a warrior and a statesman. Shakespeare has shown his usual exquisite judgment by following Holinshed closely as regards the matter of Chicheley's formal harangue, and relegating his exhortation to Henry to a separate discourse, marked off from the first by the king's interruption. Drayton has also missed an opportunity in omitting Henry's impressive appeal to the archbishop to advise him conscientiously in the matter, by which Shakespeare has set his hero's character in the most favourable point of view from the very first.

PAGE 17, l. 9. "*Beame.*"—Bohemia.

PAGE 19, ll. 13, 14. "*And for they knew, the French did still abet The Scot against vs.*"—The discussion between Westmorland and Exeter on the expediency of first attacking Scotland is found in Holinshed. In the rude old play, "*The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth,*" on which Shakespeare founded his "*Henry IV.*" and "*Henry V.*" the argument for attacking Scotland first is put into the mouth of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Shakespeare's noble expansion of this scene from the hints of his artless predecessor and of the chroniclers is one of the most signal proofs of the superiority of his genius.

PAGE 20, l. 1. "*And instantly an Embassy is sent.*"—Of the letters written by Henry on this occasion, Sir Harris Nicolas remarks in his standard work on the Battle of Agincourt, "*Their most striking features are falsehood, hypocrisy, and impiety.*" Being so bad, they are naturally attributed by him to the much maligned Cardinal Beaufort. It is admitted that "*in some places they approach nearly to eloquence, and they are throughout clear, nervous, and impressive.*" They are defended at great length by Mr. Tyler, in his "*Life of Henry V.*"

PAGE 20, l. 20. "*A Tunne of Paris Tennis balls him sent.*"—This incident, so famous from the use made of it by Shakespeare, is in all probability historical, being mentioned by Thomas Otterbourne, a contemporary writer, and in an inedited MS. chronicle of the same date. These are quoted by Sir Harris Nicolas and in Mr. Julian Marshall's erudite "*Annals of Tennis*" (London, 1878). Its being omitted by other contemporaries is no strong argument against its authenticity. Drayton follows Shakespeare and the chronicler Hall in writing *tunne*. Holinshed uses the less poetical term *barrel*.

PAGE 20, ll. 28-32.—

*"I'le send him Balls and Rackets if I liue
That they such Racket shall in Paris see,
When ouer lyne with Bandies I shall driue,*

*As that before the Set be fully done,
France may (perhaps) into the Hazard runne.)*

On these lines Mr. Julian Marshall observes : " This passage is remarkable, as offering one of the first examples of the double sense of *racket*, meaning hubbub as well as the implement used in tennis ; and also as showing the early use of the word *bandy*, which we shall find recurring later in the history of the game." None of the historians who have related the incident mention the pointed reply to the Dauphin put into Henry's mouth by Shakespeare, that he would " strike his father's crown into the hazard." The old playwright on whose foundation Shakespeare built merely says, " Tel him that in stead of balles of leather we wil tosse him balles of brasse and yron." Drayton must consequently have borrowed the term from Shakespeare, which is a pretty conclusive proof of his having read " Henry V." as well as witnessed its performance. Regarding Shakespeare's justification for the technical terms used by him, Mr. Marshall judiciously remarks : " It is certain that tennis was played and that rackets were used in the time of Henry V. ; but whether chases were marked and a hazard invented, and to which of our hazards that hazard would answer, are questions which we cannot solve, and which doubtless never troubled ' sweet Will ' for one single moment."

Sir Harris Nicolas prints in his appendix a ballad on the story of the tennis balls, " obligingly communicated by Bertram Mitford, of Mitford Castle, in Northumberland, Esquire, who wrote it from the dictation of a very aged relative." He also gives another version, from what source derived is not stated. The Roxburghe collection of ballads at the British Museum contains yet a third version, which, as it differs in many respects from the other two, is printed as an appendix to these Notes. Judging from the type, the date of the Museum broadside would appear to be about 1750, and the piece itself can hardly be earlier than the eighteenth century.

PAGE 21, l. 18. "*Jacks.*"—Machines for planing metal.

PAGE 21, l. 19. "*An olde Fox.*"—Sword, so called, it is said, from the figure of a fox anciently engraved upon the blade ; or, as Nares suggests, from the name of some celebrated cutler. "Thou diest on point of fox" (Shakespeare, "Henry V.," act iv., sc. 4).

PAGE 21, l. 23. "*Fletcher.*"—An arrow-maker (*fléchier*), with which trade the manufacture of bows, properly the business of the *bowyer*, was naturally combined. The frequency of the name in our own day might be alleged in proof of the ancient importance of the industry, but in most cases it is probably derived from *flesher*, a butcher.

PAGE 22, l. 1. "*The Light-horse and the Bard.*"—A *barded* horse (French *bardelle*, a pack-saddle) is one with the body entirely covered with armour. "For he was *barded* from counter to tail" ("Lay of the Last Minstrel").

PAGE 23, l. 17. "*The scarlet Judge might now set vp his Mule.*"—"Judges and serjeants rode to Westminster Hall on mules ; whence it is said of a young man studying the law, 'I see he was never born to ride upon a *moyle*' ('Every Man out of his Humour,' ii. 3) ; that is, he will never be eminent in his profession" (Nares). It is an odd example of the mutations of ordinary speech that if we now heard of a judge setting up a mule, we should understand the exact contrary of what was understood by Drayton. A modern writer would more probably have said, *set down*.

PAGE 23, l. 25. "*By this, the Counsell of this Warre had met.*"—A curious echo of Spenser. "By this the northern waggoner had set."

PAGE 24, l. 16. "*Sleeue.*"—Entirely obsolete in English, but France still knows the Channel as *La Manche*.

PAGE 24, l. 19. "*Scripts of Mart.*"—Letters of marque. "*Mart*, originally for *Mars*. It was probably this use of *mart* that led so many authors to use letters of *mart*, instead of *marque*, supposing it to mean *letters of war*. Under this persuasion Drayton put 'script of *mart*' as equivalent" (Nares).

PAGE 24, l. 22. "*Deepe.*"—Dieppe.

PAGE 24, l. 28. "*Like the huge Ruck from Gillingham that flewe.*"—It seems remarkable to meet with the *roc* of the "Arabian Nights" in English so long before the existence of any translation. The word, however, occurs in Bishop Hall's "Satires," thirty years before Drayton. It probably came into our language from the Italian, being first used by Marco Polo, who says (part iii., chap. 35): "To return to the griffon; the people of the island do not know it by that name, but call it always *ruc*; but we, from their extraordinary size, certainly conclude them to be griffons."

PAGE 25, l. 2. "*Stoad.*"—Not found in the dictionaries, but apparently equivalent to *stowage*, and hence in this place to *cargo*.

PAGE 25, ll. 5, 6. "*Straightly commanded by the Admirall, At the same Port to settle their aboad.*"—"On the 11th of April, 1415, Nicholas Mauduyt, serjeant-at-arms, was commanded to arrest all ships and other vessels carrying twenty tons or more, *as well belonging to this kingdom as to other countries*, which were then in the river Thames, and in other sea-ports of the realm as far as Newcastle-upon-Tyne, or which might arrive there before the 1st of May, and the said vessels were to be at the ports of Southampton, London, or Winchelsea by the 8th of May at the latest" (Sir Harris Nicolas).

PAGE 25, l. 28. "*Bay of Portugall*"= Bay of Biscay.

PAGE 26, l. 14. "*Pruce.*"—Prussia.

PAGE 26, l. 23. "*Flee-boats.*"—Flyboats, Fr. *fibots*, which affords a more probable etymology than *freebooter* for *fibustier* and *filibuster*.

PAGE 27, ll. 17, 18. "*From Holland, Zeland, and from Flanders wonne By weeklye pay, threescore twelue Bottoms came.*"—"It was one of the earliest measures to secure shipping from Holland" (Nicolas). The total number of ships enumerated by Drayton as joining in the rendezvous at Southampton is one hundred and seventy-eight, the foreign hired vessels included. A contemporary authority

quoted by Sir Harris Nicolas makes it three hundred and twenty, made up by contingents from the neighbouring havens to between twelve and fourteen hundred. According to the list published by Sir Harris Nicolas, the number of effective fighting men did not exceed ten thousand five hundred, though there were probably as many more attendants and camp-followers.

PAGE 27, l. 31. "*The acclamation of the presse.*"—Might be said in our time of any popular war, but in how different a sense!

PAGE 28, l. 1. — This and the following stanza are quoted by Sir Harris Nicolas with just admiration. In fact, Drayton's description of the marshalling and departure of the expedition are the best part of his poem.

PAGE 29, ll. 4-6. "*In Ensignes there, Some wore the Armes of their most ancient Towne, Others againe their owne Diuises beare.*"—The catalogue which follows is entirely in the spirit of Italian romantic poetry, and may be especially compared with that of Agramante's allies and their insignia in the "*Orlando Innamorato.*" In many instances the device, as Drayton says, represents the escutcheon of some town within the county; in others he seems to have been indebted to his imagination, though endeavouring not unsuccessfully to adduce some reason for his choice.

PAGE 30, l. 11. "*Brack.*"—Brine.

PAGE 30, l. 20. "*Lyam.*"—A band or thong by which to lead a hound; hence *lyme-hound*.

PAGE 31, l. 3. "*A Golden Fleece and Hereford doth weare.*"—Grammar requires this line to begin *And Hereford*. Awkward dislocations, however, are not infrequent in Drayton.

PAGE 31, l. 6. "*The Shiere whose surface seems most brute.*"—George Eliot, like Drayton a native of fertile Warwickshire, entitles the neighbouring county *Stonyshire*.

PAGE 33, l. 17. "*The Fleet then full,*" etc.—Compare this fine stanza, which might have been written by one

who had never been on shipboard, with the still more poetical and at the same time intensely realistic one of Shakespeare ("Henry V.," act iii., prologue), which proves that he must have been at sea on some occasion :

" Play with your fancies, and in them behold
 Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing ;
 Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
 To sounds confused ; behold the threaden sails,
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea."

PAGE 34, ll. 9, 10. "*Long Boates with Scouts are put to land before, Vpon light Naggs the Countrey to discry.*"

—"Before day-break the next morning, Wednesday the 14th of August, John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, Sir Gilbert Umfreville, and Sir John Cornwall, were sent with a party of cavalry to reconnoitre Harfleur and its vicinity, with the view of selecting a proper situation for the encampment of the army" (Sir Harris Nicolas).

PAGE 35, l. 1. "*To the high'st earth whilst awfull Henry gets.*"—*Whilst* must here be taken as = *meanwhile*.

PAGE 35, l. 3. "*With sprightly words,*" etc.—The confusion in this line is evidently due to the printer. Drayton must have written : "And thus with sprightly words," etc.

PAGE 35, l. 9. "*He first of all proclaim'd.*"—A proclamation was issued forbidding under pain of death a repetition of some excesses which had been committed, and commanding that henceforth the houses should not be set on fire, or the churches or other sacred places violated, and that the persons of women and priests should be held sacred" (Sir Harris Nicolas). Holinshed adds, "or to any suche as should be founde withoute weapon or armor, and not ready to make resistance."

PAGE 36, l. 30. "*Shee so instructed is by Natures Lawes.*"—A characteristic instance of this excellent poet's frequent and unaccountable lapses into bathos.

PAGE 38, l. 7. "*Whose Mynes to the besieg'd more mischiefe doe.*"—Holinshed, however, admits that the French

“with their countermiming somewhat disappointed the Englishmen, and came to fight with them hand to hand within the mynes, so that they went no further forward with that worke.”

PAGE 41, l. 30. *“But on his bare feete to the Church he came.”*—“He dismounted at the gate, took off his shoes and stockings, and proceeded barefoot to the church of St. Martin, where he gave solemn thanks to God for his success” (Sir Harris Nicolas, quoting the French chroniclers), Holinshed mentions Henry’s repairing to the church to offer thanks, but omits the picturesque circumstance of his going thither barefoot, and passes over his entrance into the town in the briefest possible manner. It is an interesting proof of Shakespeare’s dependence upon the chronicler to find him equally ignoring any solemn entry or prolonged sojourn :

“To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest,
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.”

In fact, as Drayton tells us, he remained eight days in Harfleur, awaiting the Dauphin’s reply to his challenge, which Holinshed does not mention. Shakespeare, Drayton, and Holinshed alike pass over the exceedingly picturesque circumstance of the expulsion of the women and children under escort of the English troops. Drayton only says: “Out of the Ports all Vagrants he doth drive.”

PAGE 42, ll. 7, 8. *“He frankly off’reth in a single fight,
With the young Dauphine to decide his right.”*—Sir Harris Nicolas remarks: “Of the personal valour which that letter displays on the part of Henry but little can be said, for the challenger was about twenty-seven years of age, and in the full vigour of manhood, whilst his adversary, of whose prowess or bodily strength there is not the slightest evidence, and who died in the December following, had not attained his twentieth year.”

PAGE 43, ll. 15, 16. *“A Ford was found to set his Army
ore Which neuer had discouered beene before.”*—This can-

not be, for the anonymous priest to whose narrative as an eyewitness of the campaign we are so deeply indebted, says, “The approach was by two long but narrow causeways, which the French had before warily broken through the middle” (Nicolas, p. 233).

PAGE 44, l. 1. “*Therfore they both in solemne Counsaile satt.*”—This council was held on October 20th, five days before Agincourt. “The opinions of the different members,” says Sir Harris Nicolas, “are very minutely given by Des Ursins.”

PAGE 44, l. 2. “*Britaine.*”—Brittany. The Duke of Brittany, in fact, did not arrive in time to take part in the battle.

PAGE 44, l. 17. “*A Route of tatter'd Rascalls starued so.*”—Holinshead’s description of the condition of the English army is most graphic: “The English men were brought into great misery in this journey, their victuall was in maner spent, and nowe coulde they get none: for their enemies had destroied all the corne before they came: reste could they none take, for their enemies were ever at hande to give them alarmes: dayly it rained, and nightly it freesed: of fewell there was great scarsitie, but of fluxes greate plenty: money they hadde enoughe, but of wares to bestowe it upon for their reliefe or conforte, hadde they little or none. And yet in this great necessitye the poore people of the countrey were not spoiled, nor any thynge taken of them wythout payment, neyther was any outrage or offence done by the Englishemenne of warre, except one, whiche was, that a folish souldiour stale a pixe out of a churche.” Shakespeare’s use of this incident is well known.

PAGE 46, l. 28. “*Spirits.*”—Must here be pronounced as a monosyllable, as at p. 67, l. 18.

PAGE 48, l. 6. “*Till their foule noyse doth all the ayre infest.*”—Drayton probably stands alone among English poets in disliking the music of the rookery.

PAGE 49, l. 15. “*Quoyts, Lots, and Dice for Englishmen to cast.*”—“The captaines had determined before

howe to devide the spoile, and the souldiours the night before had plaid the englishemen at dice" (Holinshed).

PAGE 50, l. 9. "*And cast to make a Chariot for the King.*"—This circumstance also is mentioned by Holinshed, and is authenticated by the anonymous priest.

PAGE 50, ll. 31, 32. "*Some pointing Stakes to stick into the ground, To guard the Bow-men.*"—Henry had ordered the archers to provide themselves with stakes even before the passage of the Somme.

PAGE 51, l. 25. "*King Richards wrongs, to minde, Lord doe not call.*"—Drayton evidently follows Shakespeare, but remains a long way behind :

" Not to-day, O Lord,
 O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown !
 I Richard's body have interred new :
 And on it have bestowed more contrite tears
 Than from it issued forced drops of blood :
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a day their withered hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have built
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do ;
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon."

Henry V., act iv., sc. 1.

Shakespeare's infinite superiority in moral delicacy, not merely to his imitator, but to all poets except the very best, is forcibly shown by his causing Henry to abstain from all attempts to excuse his father and himself at the expense of Richard, so natural in the mouth of an ordinary person, so unbecoming a hero.

PAGE 52, ll. 6, 7. "*When as that Angell to whom God assign'd The guiding of the English.*"—This fine passage may very probably have been in Dryden's mind when he planned the machinery of his unwritten epic, and in Addison's when he penned the famous simile of the Angel in his poem on Blenheim.

PAGE 52, ll. 29, 30. "*Foorth that braue King couragious Henry goes, An hower before that it was fully light.*"—No personal reconnaissance on Henry's part is mentioned by the historians, although Sir Harris Nicolas says, on the authority of Elmham: "About the middle of the night, before the moon set, Henry sent persons to examine the ground, by whose report he was better able to draw up his forces on the next day." As the English were the assailants, the precaution of posting the archers behind the quickset hedge would have proved unnecessary.

PAGE 55, l. 27. "*His coruetting Courser.*"—"A little grey horse." He wore no spurs, probably to show his men that he entertained no thought of flight.

PAGE 56, l. 20. "*To know what he would for his Ransome pay.*"—This is mentioned by Holinshed, but cannot be true, for all contemporary authorities agree that the French sent envoys to Henry on the morning of the battle offering him a free passage to Calais upon condition of surrendering Harfleur. This would seem to indicate that the leaders did not fully share the confidence of their troops.

PAGE 57, ll. 3, 4. "*And strongly fixeth the Diadem of France, Which to this day vnsteady doth remaine.*"—No Frenchman could have said this on such an occasion. Drayton would make for any port when in stress of rhyme.

PAGE 57, l. 16. "*Thus to his Souldiers comfortably spake.*"—Drayton's version of his speech in the main agrees with Holinshed's. Shakespeare, usually so close a follower of Holinshed, substitutes an oration entirely of his own composition. The beautiful lines—

"For he this day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition"—

appear to be derived from the same source as the exaggerated statement of Archbishop Des Ursins, that on another occasion Henry promised that his plebeian soldiers should be ennobled and invested with collars of

SS. This cannot be taken directly from Des Ursins, whose history of the reign of Charles VI., though written in the fifteenth century, was not published until 1614.

PAGE 58, ll. 9, 10. "*When hearing one wish all the valiant men At home in England, with them present were.*"—According to the anonymous monk, who may be fully relied upon, the speaker was Sir Walter Hungerford. Shakespeare puts the sentiment into the mouth of the Earl of Westmorland.

PAGE 59, l. 9. "*At the full Moone looke how th'vn-welde Tide,*" etc.—These lines are clearly a reminiscence of Shakespeare's—

" Let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean."

Henry V., prologue to act iii.

PAGE 62, l. 21. "*Dampeir.*"—Chatillon, Admiral of France, was also Lord of Dampierre. It must be by inadvertence that Sir Harris Nicolas (p. 121) speaks of Cliquet de Brabant, whom Drayton calls Cluet, as Admiral.

PAGE 63, l. 6. "*Could.*"—Must have been pronounced *cold*, as it was sometimes written. See also p. 83, l. 26.

PAGE 63, l. 16. "*Cantels.*"—Corners (Germ. *Kant*); hence = morsels, though Shakespeare speaks of "a monstrous cantle."

PAGE 66, ll. 11, 12. "*Bespeaking them with honourable words Themselues their prisoners freely and confesse.*"—One of Drayton's awkward inversions. The anonymous ecclesiastic says that some of the French nobles surrendered themselves more than ten times, and were slain after all.

PAGE 72, l. 15. "*In comes the King his Brothers life to saue.*"—"The Duke of Gloucester, the King's brother, was sore wounded about the hippes, and borne down to the ground, so that he fel backwards, with his feete towards his enemies, whom the King bestridde, and like a

brother valiantly rescued him from his enemies, and so saving his life, caused him to be conveyed out of the fight into a place of more safetie" (Holinshed).

PAGE 72, ll. 25, 26. "*Vpon the King Alanzon prest so sore, That with a stroke,*" etc.—There seems no contemporary authority for the single combat between Henry and Alençon of which Shakespeare has made such ingenious use in his management of the incident of Henry's glove. According to one account, Alençon struck at the King somewhat unfairly as he was stooping to aid his brother, and smote off a piece of his crown. According to another authority, the blow was given by one of a band of eighteen knights who had sworn to strike the diadem from Henry's head, or perish in the attempt, as they all did.

PAGE 82, l. 28. "*Nock.*"—Notch.

PAGE 83, l. 16. "*Tue.*"—Must be pronounced as a dissyllable; but the French cry was more probably *tuez*.

PAGE 85, l. 28. "*Base.*"—Run as at prisoners' base. Murray's "Dictionary" cites one example of the use of the word in this sense, which is from Warner's "Albion's England," a poem read and admired by Drayton.

PAGE 87, l. 27. "*Clunasse.*"—A misprint for *Clamasse*.

PAGE 87, l. 27. "*Dorpe*" = thorpe, a word revived by Tennyson in "The Brook."

PAGE 88, ll. 17, 18. "*And in his rage he instantly commands, That every English should his prisoner kill.*"—

"I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant."

Henry V., act iv., sc. 7.

PAGE 92, l. 15. "*And so tow'rs Callice brauely marching on.*"—This is certainly a flat conclusion. It is surprising that Drayton made no use of the appearance of the herald Montjoy on the field, with confession of defeat and appeal for—

"Charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To book our dead, and then to bury them."

Henry V., act iv., sc. 7.

TO MY FRINDS THE CAMBER-BRITANS
AND THEYR HARP.

It has already been observed in the Introduction that this grand lyric gave the model for Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." This latter poem appears along with "Maud," and another piece in the same slender volume contains unequivocal proof of the Laureate's acquaintance with Drayton. In the powerful poem entitled "Will" occur the lines—

"Sown in a wrinkle of the *monstrous* hill,
The city sparkles like a grain of salt."

In a passage of Song IX. of the "Polyolbion," excerpted by Mr. Bullen, Drayton says—

"The mightie Giant-heape so less and lesser still
Appeareth to the eye, untill the *monstrous* hill
At length shewes like a cloud ; and further being cast,
Is out of kenning quite."

The identity of epithet might possibly be accidental, but the resemblance extends to the entire passage.

A singularly beautiful stanza from Drayton's "Barons' Warres," also in Mr. Bullen's selection, must have been unconsciously present to Shelley's mind when he wrote in "The Witch of Atlas"—

"While on her hearth lay blazing many a piece
Of sandal wood, rare gems, and cinnamon.
Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is ;
Each flame of it is as a precious stone
Dissolved in ever-moving light, and this
Belongs to each and all who gaze thereon."

Drayton writes :

"The Fire of precious Wood, the Light Perfume
Which left a sweetnesse on each thing it shone,
As every thing did to it selfe assume
The Sent from them and made the same their owne

So that the painted Flowres within the Roome
 Were sweet, as if they naturally had growne ;
 The Light gave Colours, which upon them fell,
 And to the Colours the Perfume gave smell."

A still stronger proof of the extent to which Shelley had unconsciously imbibed the spirit of Drayton is afforded by a comparison of the noble speech of Fame in "The tragical legend of Robert Duke of Normandie" (Bullen, pp. 25, 27) with Shelley's still finer "Hymn of Apollo." There is hardly any instance of direct verbal resemblance ; but the metre, the strain of sentiment, the oratorical pose, the mental and moral attitude of the two poems are so much alike as to justify the assertion that the younger owes its form and much of its spirit to the older.

The following is the Roxburghe version of the ballad of the Dauphin's present of tennis-balls, mentioned at p. 106 :—

KING HENRY V. HIS CONQUEST OF
 FRANCE,
 IN REVENGE FOR THE AFFRONT OFFERED BY THE
 FRENCH KING ;
 IN SENDING HIM (INSTEAD OF THE TRIBUTE)
 A TON OF TENNIS-BALLS.

As our King lay musing on his bed,
 He bethought himself upon a time,
 Of a tribute that was due from France,
 Had not been paid for so long a time.
 Fal, lal, etc.

He called for his lovely page,
 His lovely page then called he ;
 Saying, You must go to the King of France,
 To the King of France, sir, ride speedily.

O then went away this lovely page,
 This lovely page then away went he ;
 Low he came to the King of France,
 And then fell down on his bended knee.

My master greets you, worthy sir,
 Ten ton of Gold that is due to he,
 That you will send his tribute home,
 Or in French land you soon him will see.
 Fal, lal, etc.

Your master's young and of tender years,
 Not fit to come into my degree,
 And I will send him three Tennis-Balls
 That with them he may learn to play.

O then returned this lovely page,
 This lovely page then returned he,
 And when he came to our gracious King,
 Low he fell dowl on his bended knee.

[A line cut off.]

What is the news you have brought to me ?
 I have brought such news from the King of France
 That he and you will ne'er agree.

He says, You're young and of tender years,
 Not fit to come to his degree ;
 And he will send you three Tennis-Balls
 That with them you may learn to play.

Recruit me Cheshire and Lancashire,
 And Derby Hills that are so free ;
 No marry'd man, or widow's son,
 For no widow's curse shall go with me.

They recruited Cheshire and Lancashire,
 And Derby Hills that are so free ;
 No marry'd man, nor no widow's son,
 Yet there was a jovial bold company.

O then we march'd into the French land
With drums and trumpets so merrily ;
And then bespoke the King of France,
Lo yonder comes proud King Henry.

The first shot that the Frenchmen gave
They kill'd our Englishmen so free,
We kill'd ten thousand of the French,
And the rest of them they run away.

And then we marched to Paris gates,
With drums and trumpets so merrily,
O then bespoke the King of France,
The Lord have mercy on my men and me.

O I will send him his tribute home,
Ten ton of Gold that is due to he,
And the finest flower that is in all France,
To the Rose of England I will give free.

